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'Peter C. Newman's article "Cruising to the max" (Aug. 25) motivated me so much I took my Eat the Rich T-shirt out of mothballs. Keep up the good work!" —**13 MOORE, SIMS, AND**

Letters to the Editor informed me that Newman

Counting our blessings

Down to Alexandria, Trudeau for writing about his experience getting into Liberia ("The worst place on earth," *Liberia*, Sept. 8). This report should make all Canadians realize just how much they take for granted in our wonderful country. Stop complaining about the weather, about traffic, about power blackouts, about every little thing. And start celebrating this beautiful country and what it offers us: freedom, opportunity and a decent quality of life. We are not perfect and much work must still be done. However, Trudeau's moving report shows that there in Canada, for the most part, we are a whole lot better off than others.

Peter Hontela, Toronto

I very much enjoyed Alexander Trudeau's report, but three things came to mind: (1) Is he insane? What on earth is he doing there? (2) Madison must be paying him an awful lot of money. (3) His poor mother, I would be sick of the worst of my son. I am rather sick with the thought that he could have been killed for a story I read over my breakfast and eventually put in the recycling bin. I look forward to his next exclusive report and sincerely hope his life will not be endangered by what appears to be the lowest form of human life. But I do not for one moment believe it is worth it.

DONNA WILKINSON, SUMMIT, B.C.

Reach for the top

I find a series of questions in your choice of young Canadian leaders is wailing ("Red hot and cool," *Cover*, Sept. 8). Of the 58 future captains of our country, 32, or 55 per cent, are in the sports and entertainment fields. Where are the teachers, engineers and industrialists of tomorrow, who should make up at least 90 per cent of any list? Or do you really believe that an assessment is more important than a career?

Art Beaton, Vancouver

I applaud your magazine for showing the talented individuals who are leading the nation, but what about the rest of us? I urge



Young rebel fighters strike a pose in Liberia

you to start asking questions about what is happening to the next generation of nation-builders. Why are so many of us leaving Canada, giving up or basically settling for less? I read with great interest "My quarter-life crisis" (*Over to You*, Sept. 8). How is it that so many of us get out of university, spend months trying to fit into the work world, and end up with an incredible feeling of, "Is this it?" How is it that talented, energetic, hard-working individuals in my age group—in 28—are treated like worthless office drones? And how is it that so many of us are left feeling a woman's worth? We are supposedly the future and are expected to pass the torch on to the next generation, but one has to wonder: how fully we will do so when we must also say, "Don't make the stupid mistakes I did by buying into the idea that you're worth something."

LARRY BALDWIN, Toronto, Ont.

Public policy, private morals

I was intrigued by Jonathan Gershaw's special report on the opposition to same-sex marriage across Canada ("Backlash," Sept. 1). It would seem that conservative Christians fear the loss of survival of Christianity of Canada, as a human society itself, is threatened by this impending Liberal legislation. The question isn't in where have these Christians been for the last decade? Since the Liberal government took power, more children live

below the poverty line, more people sleep on the streets of our major cities, and access to health and education has been severely restricted. Yet, in all this time, there's been hardly a whisper from the pious. Perhaps of Christians and poverty and homeless people as well as they find two people who love each other, they'd have a legitimate outlet for their holy outrage.

TIM HOFFMAN, Surrey, B.C.

I am really disgusted, appalled, displeased and perplexed with the way our country is being governed. I can remember when it was an honour to sing O-Canada and state the Lord's Prayer. Now with this latest legislation the government is trying to fast upon us, I wouldn't be at all surprised that in due time the Calgary Stampede Queen turns out to be a gay.

Orin Kops, Medicine Hat, Alta.

All I have to say to people who oppose same-sex marriage is: How dare you, as Canadians, live freely under the protection of our constitutional rights, then turn around and say to a minority group that they cannot have the same rights, simply because you don't agree with their lifestyle?

Shannon MacLellan, Toronto, Ont.

I must say it brought a smile to my face to read the statistics on approval ratings for gay marriage. Basically, they broke down to younger, better-educated, more successful people approving, and older, less-educated and poorer people disapproving. Obviously that does not speak for everyone in those demographics, but it's nice to know that closed-minded people are a dying breed.

Scott Newman, Windsor, Ont.

Wanted: goodwill

E.J. Ward began his letter about the black-out in Ontario with: "So the power went off for a while" ("Power struggle," *The Mail*, Sept. 8). Maybe he is not aware that the power was out in some areas in Ontario for three days. I was visiting my family in Windsor at the time. Sure, I came back on 24 hours later, but those were tragic days there as well as in the B.C. area. An entire block was destroyed by a fire in Windsor. Ward states that grocery stores in B.C. lost their perishable inventory, some thing in Ontario. Naming those people involved in

Ontario, too, and I assume it was to far being trapped in a completely dark and unbearable hot elevator. Apparently someone's wonder why Eastern Canada ignores us. All they have to do is read Ward's letter and they will get their answer.

David McMoran, Calgary

Civic pride

For your article titled "Water" (*The Week*, Sept. 1), North Bay's residents defended all sorts and met all guidelines required by Saskatchewan Environment in 2001. It was the province, not the city, that built the water treatment plant in the 1990s down stream of the city's sewage treatment plant.

Wayne Ray, Mayor, North Bay, Ont.

Diamonds are

I thoroughly enjoyed Katherine MacLellan's "Diamonds with an edge" (*Business*, Sept. 8). Not only was it beautifully written, but it addressed a subject I was wondering about: how Canadian diamonds compare to others in the world. Obviously, we need

Jonathan Walker, Toronto, Ont.

Although generally very informative and well researched, your article on diamonds contains an error. As a young field geologist in 1992, I was not involved in the negotiations between Aber Resources Ltd. and Rio Tinto plc concerning the formation of the Diamond Joint Venture. Those negotiations were carried out by Aber's current president and CEO, Bob Gossard, and company founder and honorary chairman, Glen Thomas.

Glen Thomas, West Vancouver, B.C.

Mystery man

Who is this Brian D. Johnson? His essay ("Confusions of a critic," Sept. 8) was an insightful, laugh-out-loud funny and honest. He didn't dumb down the vagueness of gay reality into the black and white. And those terms of phrase, such as, "It was his reviewing a respectable one-night stand," and "the film continues to develop, like a photograph emerging in the darkness of the mind's eye." I look forward to reading more of his work.

Jack Taylor, Toronto

Deficit-free funding

We were surprised that Mary Joann made a link between our proposals and deficits

when we carefully compared our child allowance so that the total cost is equal to the amount promised by the federal government for the Canadian Child Tax Benefit ("Don't do it, Paul," *Column*, Sept. 1). We have carefully considered what the government spends on all other social policies and our proposals would simply redistribute the money in a way we find more just and more efficient in a balanced-budget

framework. The clear intention here was that our proposals would not return Canada to a cycle of deficits. Our proposals target low- and middle-income working families in particular because we add an earned income tax credit to the child allowance for these families. Those policies are clear and easily understood.

Philip Morrison and Pierre LeBlond, University of Quebec at Montreal



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[illegible]

Ministerial Prime Minister Menachem Begin in frustration after only 130 days on the job. His successor, Arikon Katsur, may not let pass that long. Katsur's appointment by the National Authority President Yisroel Anshel coincided with another series of bloody attacks by both Israelis and Palestinians. And before the new PM could form an emergency government, he was negotiating the deal.

The Israeli government issued a statement saying it would remove Anshel from Palestinian territory, claiming he was behind some of the terrorist attacks. "The events of these last few days," the statement said, "have proven again that Yisroel Anshel is an insurmountable obstacle to all attempts at reconciliation between the Israelis and the Palestinians." Anshel was gleefully defiant. "No-one can sack me out," he told reporters covering a rally outside his compound in Ramatallah. "They can kill me with bombs, but I will not leave."

Some on the Israeli right thought the government's plan didn't go far enough. An editorial in the *Jerusalem Post* declared it was time to kill Anshel. Interestingly though, according to the Israeli press, many moved from concern to condemnation as it became clear that attempts to ouster the 74-year-old leader will turn him into more of a hero among millions. In fact, many in the crowd at the gathering outside Anshel's compound after his Israeli announcement vowed they would give their lives to protect their leader from attack. The United States and Europe, *naïve* while asked leaders to reconsider "long before it was too justified anger at the continuing violence to lead to actions that will not damage both the peace process and Israeli core interests." British Foreign Secretary Jack Straw said:



After 138 days Abba was out, as new violence shook the troubled region.

ScoreCard

★ Stephen Harper: Alliance leader cemented image as U.S. cheerleader, says: Canada's envoy to Washington should start cabinet talks. Why stop there? Make U.S. ambassador to Canada new minister of Foreign Affairs—so orders from White House aren't withheld.

A. Harvey Elmslie

Travels:
Daryl airport named
after late PM PET
international's
blessing for hard-core
expatriates' can blame
every late flight on
that day to Toulouse

A. Charles McEnery

Snags himself air freight from New York to parents' home in Texas, is charged as a stowaway—but could inspire rash of direct shipments. Special Delivery in Houston critic has to beat economy class on about 145, million

Wildlife industry: Rights-mongers paddy with swooping lawsuits that's going after 70-year-old grandfather and a 13-year-old girl fair enough, but parents suffering mental abuse might consider action of their own. There must be someone to sue for creating invasive litigation.

A. Martha Stewart: Embedded decorating diva does up in Canada with Sears carrying her line of household goods. Sears expect \$100 million in sales within three years. Obviously has marvellous merchandising ability in product line.

Quote of the week | 'We must kill Yasser Arafat, because the world leaves us no alternative,' **JERUSALEM POST** EDITORIAL, in which the Conrad Black-owned daily newspaper claims that Israel should assassinate the Palestinian leader because 'there is no point in taking half measures'

WORLD

IRAQ U.S. forces in Iraq fight Iraqi police and a Jordanian security guard who had mistakenly run through a U.S. checkpoint in Fallujah, a city 50 km west of Baghdad that has remained loyal to Saddam Hussein. It was the deadliest friendly-fire incident since major combat was deemed over May 1.

In Britain, a preliminary panel cleared Tony Blair's government of overseeing the case for war against Iraq. But it was also critical of other aspects of the government's behavior, including the fact that Defense Secretary Geoff Hoon had lied in his testimony to conceal intelligence-staff doubts about claims in a vital dossier.

HEAT WAVE France, heavily crowded for alleged marauders during the August heat wave that killed nearly 35,000 in that country, announced US\$748 million in extra funding for emergency services.

Italy released military official figures, saying 4,375 people, most of them elderly, died as a result of the scorching temperatures.

IRAN The UN's nuclear watchdog passed a U.S.-backed resolution to give Iran until Oct. 31 to shut down a uranium enrichment facility—and demonstrate it is not secretly developing nuclear weapons.

SINAGHONS The UN voted to formally lift sanctions against Libya. They were imposed in 1999 after the North African nation landed over two ex-citizens, wanted for the bombing of a Pan Am jet over Lockerbie, Scotland, in 1988. France abstained, withdrawing its threat to veto the resolution after reaching a compensation deal last week with Libya in a separate air-bus bombing.

ANNIVERSARY Chile had, in its own Sept. 11 memorial—marking the 30th anniversary of the military coup led by Gen. Augusto Pinochet that toppled Marxist president Salvador Allende. While most of the ceremonies marking the anniversary were peaceful, one in Santiago left 24 police officers wounded and 300 demonstrators in jail.

SARS Singapore became the first country to confirm a new case of SARS since the WHO declared the outbreak over in July.



REMEMBERANCE Americans gathered at the site of World Trade Center and elsewhere to mourn those who perished two years ago in the terrorist attacks of Sept. 11. The anniversary also brought a chilling new tape from al Qaeda, showing Osama bin Laden walking in the mountains of what is believed to be the Pakistani-Afghan border area, while a voice-over warns of even greater attacks to come.

RELIGION Concerns over John Paul II's failing health increased when the pontiff gave a public speech he was giving at Slovakia, then had to stop only minutes into his address. The 83-year-old pope suffers from Parkinson's disease and crippling arthritis.

IMPRISONED Former Exxon Corp. treasurer Ben Glavin, 57, headed off for a five-year term in a Texas prison, the first executive from the scandal-ravaged firm to do time. He likely won't be the last.

DONORSHIP Former rebel leader Paul Kagame was sworn in as Rwanda's president, the nation's first popularly elected leader since the 1994 genocide that resulted in the deaths of more than 500,000 people.

SCIENCE Authors of a new report predict new extinctions within decades because hundreds of endangered species of animals live in natural habitats that are being de-

stroyed, in part because some species they're virtually useless for conservation.

Researchers at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology cooked sodium gas to the lowest temperature ever recorded, a half-billionth of a degree above absolute zero.

SHUTTLE NASA said the wreckage of the space shuttle Columbia will be stored on the 16th floor of the new Cape Canaveral building where the space agency prepared for the doomed flight. NASA officials also said it was unclear when shuttle flights might resume.

CANADA

POLITICS The increasingly noisy Ontario election campaign took a bizarre turn when a Tory news release e-mailed to reporters labeled Liberal leader Dalton McGuinty "an evil reptilian karmen-venter from another planet." Premier Ernie Eves, blaming the

statement on a coffee-buzzed staffer with a weird sense of humor, acknowledged it was "over the top," but didn't apologize—and didn't retract it.

MURDER A judicial inquiry, called 13 years after the frozen body of a 27-year-old Aboriginal was found on the markets of Sudbuck, finally got underway. It will try to determine the circumstances that led to Neil Storch's death, and the conduct of the police investigation that followed. Storch's family has long suspected he died as a result of police foul play; police ruled the death accidental.

BLACKOUT The June U.S.-Canada Power Outage Task Force confirmed that the massive Aug. 14 outage began in Ohio, but has so far determined specific causes or assigned blame.

VENTURE Now that he's safely in Beirut, Canadian William Simpson says he was tortured repeatedly during his 17 years in a Saudi Arabian jail. Saudi authorities deny the accusations, and Ottawa has rejected calls to expel the Saudi ambassador.

B.C. JUSTICE The Crown prosecutor at the Air India trial, Indrajit Singh Bhatt, offered so much extraordinary evidence that the public gallery groaned in disbelief—and the prosecutor asked for permission to treat him as a hostile witness.

A court date for Robert Pickton, charged



ASSASSINATION Swedish Foreign Minister Anna Lindh, 46, died after being stabbed in a Stockholm department store. The killing evoked memories of the 1986 murder of prime minister Olof Palme, who like most Swedish politicians had no bodyguards. At week's end, a Swedish killer was still at large. Sweden is at the helm of a controversial referendum on adopting the euro.

with the murder of 15 of 61 nursing workers from Vancouver's Downtown Eastside, was postponed. That measure had a similar to start before year's end.

WAVE ON TERROR Gen. Pervez Musharraf, president of Pakistan, will visit Ottawa next

week for talks on the situation in Afghanistan. Musharraf, a key figure in the U.S.-led war on terror, will also address the Canadian Institute of Strategic Studies—a major coup for the think tank.

HILLS ANGELS In what was hailed as a breakthrough in the fight against organized crime, nine men being tried in Montreal on 15 first-degree murder charges pleaded guilty to lesser charges of conspiracy to commit murder, drug trafficking and being a member of a criminal gang. The nine were either Hells Angels members, or associates of the gang.

MEMORIES MacLellan & Stewart announced that it had reached an agreement with Brian Mulroney to publish his memoirs in the fall of 2006. The publisher would sublicense the amount of money the former prime minister will be paid.

AIR ACCIDENTS Two people died in two plane crashes in northern Ontario. One, a single-engine aircraft, went down about 500 km north of Thunder Bay, killing eight, while two people died when a plane en route from Winnipeg to Thunder Bay crashed near Kenora.

BUSINESS The United States sought an injunction to prevent a pharmacy group with operations on both sides of the border from selling thousands of Canadian prescription drugs in the U.S. According to Washington, the practice "poses significant risks to the public health."

"The fact that Air Canada is in bankruptcy protection didn't stop fans of the world's largest aircraft maker from giving after a piece of a potential \$3-billion order from the struggling airline. Air Canada wants to buy up to 100 aircraft to expand its regional services, the only growing segment of the industry. Meanwhile, the airline asked a judge to set a Nov. 15 deadline for all its creditors to submit their claims. Selling those would be the last step in the carrier's restructuring.

In what could be the biggest-ever foreign takeover of a French company, aluminum-maker Pechiney urged its shareholders to accept a deal. Alcan's \$6-billion cash-and-stock takeover bid. The deal, which must trigger a merger with European unionist officials, would make Montreal-based Alcan the world's largest aluminum producer.

BY GRIMME MAXWELL



Mansbridge on the Record



MARTIN'S CHATROOM

No one can say Paul Martin doesn't listen to others. That may be a problem

THERE ARE inner circles and then there's Paul Martin's inner circle.

No one will ever accuse him of making big decisions while dozing in a small room with only one or two key advisers. No, when Paul Martin gathers his brain trust, they need a big venue: some of his people like that a case of 24 bottles of those sessions would only be good enough for one round.

At different points during the summer, I chatted with some of those insiders about them. These are people who have known Martin for years: some worked for him in the private sector, some in government, and some in the backroom that grants political power. They don't just advise him; most would work off buildings to protect him. They're true believers, and part of their belief is that he's absolutely earned the right to be the next leader of the Liberal party and the next prime minister.

First—but what kind of PM would he be? A month ago, that magazine had a cover package asking that very question, and we all learned a little more about Martin by reading it. So during the holidays, I asked one of the inner circle if she would give me the kind of greasy old answer you'd expect from a politician. I was wrong. There was a long pause, then these words tumbled out: "I'm not sure."

Now, this was not an answer of disrespect. It was, instead, based on the fact that one source here says that the answer isn't his problem that they were so worried about. His question would be of time—some say far too much time—making decisions. The issues about his meetings and reflections are legend—especially about the budget-making process. About how sessions would be held every two weeks to debate policy alternatives and draft amendments; how often and under what circumstances would he call a house to review, yet again, a budget speech just hours before it would be delivered; how some of those players would stare at a ringing

phone on a Sunday night and consider leaving unanswered, knowing that it was going to mean hours of more work.

None of this is necessarily bad, but making a budget isn't the same as running a government. The following sounds unfair, but those who have beaten the job agree it's basically true: when you're finance minister, you have just two big events in the year—an economic statement (and budget update) and the budget itself. The rest of the time, you can often get away with saying, "Sorry, was for the budget."

That doesn't work when you're responsible for everything, and Paul Martin will almost certainly be in that position very soon. And when he is, he'll need to make decisions that sometimes come fast and furious. Some early issues are predictable, and the outcomes are probably already known. That includes matters such as who to put in the cabinet and what portfolio, what to do with those who opposed you, namely Sheila Copps and John Manley (perhaps even when to call the next election). But others aren't as obvious, ranging from the unexpected to the uncomfortable, to what to do about the entry of gay or lesbian civil servants. The thought of long nights to be spent debating, and debating, and debating those issues already dancing in the heads of those who would be in the room.

In 1999, Prime Trudeau ran a campaign centered on the slogan "A Leader Must Be a Listener." Even though he lost that election, the slogan was judged a winner in political circles because of its simplicity and promise of a wise but firm hand.

Paul Martin has proven in the past that he's got the leadership skills for this position; when you're at the very top, leadership sometimes can, and perhaps should, be lonely. He'll soon find out just how lonely.

Peter Mansbridge is Chief Correspondent of CBC's *News at Nine* and Anchor of *The National*. He can be reached at petermansbridge@cbc.ca.

Passages

DED Lord Helldorf's art was overshadowed by her association with the Third Reich and friendship with Adolf Hitler, even though she was an innovative and talented filmmaker and photographer. While her movie *Triumph of the Will*—a 1934



documentary of a Nazi rally in Nuremberg—won awards in Paris and Venice, Riefenstahl was later condemned for what people saw as her support of Hitler. Riefenstahl, 103, died in Berlin.

DED Edward Teller, one of the architects of the hydrogen bomb, was a strong proponent of the Star Wars missile defense system. In the 1950s, he denounced his former boss and director of the Manhattan Project, Robert Oppenheimer, for making the bomb's development and effectively destroying Oppenheimer's career. Teller, 85, died of a stroke at his home in California.

DED Economic Minister strongman Antonio Barfichievich, a.k.a. the Great Antonio (his face four-inch, 450-lb former wrestler) was renowned for feats of strength. He also appeared in films like *Quest for Fire* and *The Abominable Snowman*. Barfichievich, 75, died of a heart attack in Montreal.

WON At 69, Marlene Stewart Simcik made history last week when she became the oldest person to win a U.S. Olympic championship. The University of Utah golfer nabbed the U.S. Senior Women's Amateur title and is also believed to be the first person to win national championships in two straight decades.

RETRIO After 20 years in the NHL—six with the Toronto Maple Leafs—Doug Gilmour, 46, announced he won't return due to a knee injury. Gilmour, born Kingston, Ont., scored a total of 550 goals and 1,091 assists, and won the 1989 Stanley Cup with Calgary.

DED John Ritter, the top-of-their-game legend *Two Guys*, was best known for his role in the popular sitcom *Three's Company*. Ritter was filming his latest hit comedy show, *It's a Wonderful Life*, when he died of a dissection of the aorta. He was 54.



WHEN IT BECOMES CLEAR THAT NO ONE ELSE SHARES YOUR LEVEL OF PASSION, YOU ARE WHERE YOU BELONG.

Plácido Domingo didn't open it in his life. It is his love from 1964; it wasn't his voice that brought him to music, it was conducting. Thankfully he was rediscovered into vocal training. The next is history. He has performed over 4,000 times and opened the Met on 28 occasions. He sings and conducts all over the world and is the General Director of the Washington and Los Angeles Opera companies. He founded *Opera+*, a competition where talented young voices can be heard. It is without question that Plácido Domingo is right where he belongs. In the spotlight. On the stage or not.



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THEWEEK



Politics | Back to work

Casual observers of federal politics might be forgiven for thinking there is just one item on the agenda for the fall parliamentary session that gets underway this week: same-sex marriage. And there's no denying the issue will generate a lot of noise as the House resumes sitting after its summer break. Much starting with a motion from the Canadian Alliance asking MPs from all parties to vote to do whatever it takes to preserve the traditional one-man-and-one-woman marriage definition. But leadership on this file, arguably, has already passed beyond the reach of the elected politicians. The courts have ruled in favour of gay marriage in Ontario, British Columbia and Quebec, and there's no reason to expect the Supreme Court of Canada to overturn them. That leaves Parliament with the task of the notwithstanding clause of the Charter of Rights and Free-

dom is ours back the door—step that's all but impossible.

Yet that doesn't mean the upsurge over the government's proposed law to rewrite the definition of marriage in line with the court decisions is a mere political sideshow. In fact, it fits domestically with a spirit of Liberal legislation that seems designed to bolster a vision of Canada increasingly distinct from George W. Bush's United States. There's the controversial reproductive technology bill, which would allow embryonic stem cell research of the sort that's denied federal funding in the U.S. Anti-abortion MPs on both sides of the House oppose it, but government insiders say it stands a reasonable chance of passing during this session. Then there's the bill to decriminalize possession of small amounts of marijuana, a move at odds

with Washington's war-on-drugs orthodoxy. However, the Cannabis Reform Bill hasn't given much chance of getting through Parliament this year, suggesting it might be leftover business for an eventual Paul Martin government.

Speaking of the new regime, one bill all but guaranteed to get speedy attention is the one to redistribute House seats, adding two new ridings each in British Columbia and Alberta and three in Ontario. That law has to be passed by mid-October to allow an election to be called next spring—the best guess on when the Martin-led Liberals will want to go to the voters. But for now, Jean Chrétien is still prime minister, and the last key component of his legacy package on ethics, a bill to create a new ethics commissioner, is also a safe bet to get through the House this fall. A little scrambling to make very

something from the old guard, and something to make way for the new.

JOHN GRONOS



THE ABCs OF CLASSROOM FUN

SUE FERGUSON explores fresh ways of inspiring kids

Gosford Public School students in Toronto show work created as an art-enriched program

"I HATE THE TIMES TABLE." It's a sentiment many kids can identify with—one that makes teaching this math building block a deadly task. But when one fourth grader blurts out these words in his Calgary classroom, singer-songwriter Peggy Ward was thrilled. "Just all right!" she says, recognizing her 1998 experience teaching the notorious table. "Now we have a real place to start—a moment of truth." Encouraged, the student added, "I think the teacher made them up to torture us." At that, Ward began strumming her guitar and singing. *I hate math, it gives me the blues! I hate times tables, from my head to my shoes! I think the teacher made them up to torture us all! With a hip-hop send me out into the ball. With the kids clearly hooked, Ward shifted to a rockier beat, and the group sang out: the no-times table as their regular teacher wrote the answers on the board. "When the children started, they'd jump out of their seats and sing their own. Six weeks later I don't know them when I graduate," sings Ward by way of example.*

The trick, she says, is getting past the fear: "When kids say they hate something, it's really that they're afraid—afraid to fail, that somebody will make fun of them, that they're

stupid. It's easier to say they hate it, to put up a wall." Flinging the times table broke through that wall. The class learned multiplication. The singer and the teacher found a great way to get kids fired up about math. And the child who started the whole thing? Although once at risk of failing, he passed.

Passing, of course, is the name of the game. But parents also want their children to enjoy school, to develop a love of learning. Luckily, those two things are, as researchers like to say, positively correlated: kids who are turned on by school tend to do well. "It's about joy," says Queen's University professor Rana Upitis, who has co-authored a study of attitudes toward learning among 6,675 elementary schoolers. "Joy is what goes on achievement." So, how do you make learning fun? And what if the answer to that question contradicts dominant trends in Canadian education in the past decade?

In the 1990s, a back-to-basics mantra rippled through provincial education ministries and departments. To allay concerns about Canadian students scoring poorly on international tests—and the perception that kids were leaving the system without having mastered the basics—officials designed

WITH ARTS-DRIVEN learning, says an official, 'you have engaged students producing work they can be proud of'



Roddy Chevalier of Windsor made quilt art for a social studies unit on pioneers

more rigorous elementary school curricula, with heavy emphasis on "foundational" subjects—math, science and language arts (reading and writing). In the context of budget cuts and making schools according to their performance in standardized tests, school boards found themselves in a tight spot. Among the first things to go were the so-called extras: art, music, drama, home economics and industrial arts classes. In many communities, "specialist teachers" of these subjects are now a thing of the past, in others, they wait for the harvest.

A different specialist, however, has since stepped onto the scene, the computer teacher. In 1989, the federal government made a generous—and costly—offer, to work with the private sector and the provinces toward equipping every classroom with computers and Internet access. The intended upshot of these changes? Canadian students would be ripe for our knowledge society, computer savvy and smart

No one argues with that goal. But they do debate strategies. The success of innovative programs in a sprinkling of schools across Canada—like the Calgary Arts Partnership in Education Society (CAPES), which brought in folk singer Ward to teach math—suggests curricular reform and technology may not be the panacea many purport them to be. Rather, a child's capacity to learn may depend less on fine-tuning what's being taught than how it's taught. Similarly, leaving the computers doesn't make much if you don't see them creatively. Some provinces are rejigging their educational mandates in light of such research. But for most, the question remains: if more rigorous curricula and standardized tests take the fun and excitement out of learning, are schools preventing kids from realizing their potential?

The belief that kids were being cheated out

of enriched learning opportunities is one of the things that led Calgary artists, parents and educators to form CAPES in 1996. It was also a catalyst for both ArtsStarts and Learning Through the Arts (LTTA), two national organizations also promoting collaboration between classroom teachers and artists. "How many times the arts were peripheral," says Angela Elorri, LTTA executive director. "We wanted to find a way to bring creativity and imagination thinking into the core of the curriculum—to demonstrate that the arts are curricular—to demonstrate that the arts are woven into the curriculum that there's no way you can cut it."

That curating strategy seems to work: over the three years of the Queen's study, all 33 LTTA schools involved in the study pugged spending priorities in order to restore or retain specialist teachers. And some of the

HOW TO EAT A PIZZA. (THE SAP WAY)



1. Fly to Italy. 2. Find a town or old country consultant to research possible toppings. 3. Choose toppings. 4. Finish search for toppings (street portobello mushrooms). 5. Arrive at Piacenza (formerly from public Corona). 6. Discover sought-after mushrooms are individually sold at the Piacenza family restaurant in the United States. 7. Fly home. 8. Take taxi to restaurant (Consultants will need a taxi). 9. Quickly procure eight portobello mushrooms, twice the price due. 10. Piacenza mushrooms at 10 degrees, with humidity at 10 percent. 11. Can not wear on cake portobello, even though they look dry and you want to touch. 12. Remove items with a quick twist. 13. Mix unsolicited quantity of four-wheeler, and a packet of yeast together to create a stiff dough. 14. Let dough rise. 15. Time dough preparation to coincide with mushroom cooking—note that consultants will not provide firm date for mushroom delivery. 16. Heat oven to 450 degrees. 17. Place one tablespoon of olive oil in cooking pan and arrange mushrooms caps, bottom side up. 18. Grate mushrooms with balsamic vinegar and white balsamic with salt and pepper. 19. Scatter thyme leaves and sprigs over mushrooms and cover with foil. 20. Transfer to oven and roast until mushrooms are fork-tender and cooked through. 21. Bring a large pot of water to a boil. 22. Add tomato sauce and cook until tender. 23. Remove from heat, drain, and transfer to a bowl of olive oil. 24. When cool, drain and pat dry. 25. Heat one tablespoon olive oil in a large sauté pan over medium heat. 26. Add sliced garlic and cook until fragrant. 27. Add blended tomato sauce, red pepper flakes and seasonings. 28. Saute until tomato sauce is tender and thickened through. 29. Remove from heat, transfer to bowl, and allow to cool to heat. 30. Add one tablespoon olive oil to bowl. 31. Add tomato, garlic, cherry tomatoes and basil. 32. Saute tomatoes, shaking pan often until tomatoes just pop. 33. Add tomato, basil, olive oil to bowl. 34. Add tomato, basil, olive oil to bowl. 35. Cook until hot, about 10 to 15 minutes. 36. Remove pan from heat and set aside. 37. Put dough into oven and press into pizza pan. 38. Remove mushrooms from oven and arrange on serving platter. 39. Add olive oil. 40. Arrange tomato on mushrooms as desired. 41. Lightly brush mushrooms, tomato, olive oil, and seasonings on dough. 42. Want to add pepperoni? Sorry, the recipe doesn't allow for changes. 43. Bake for 15 minutes, then rest cheese by placing the pizza under the broiler. 44. Cool and slice, weighing multiple options about how to measure "done." 45. Divide mushroom pizza with olive oil, and serve immediately. 46. Discover your guests have left to feed themselves.

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"WHEN I GET UP and do something, I learn better," says Windsor, Ont., student Ramit Saraswat. "I don't like to sit there, it kinda gets boring."

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Cover | ▶

IF MORE RIGOROUS curricula and standardized tests take the excitement out of learning, are schools preventing kids from realizing their potential?

anti-driven programs' biggest fear are administrators. "Administrators mean all of the criteria I would normally look at as an educator," says Julie Hollos, assistant director general with the Riverside School Board in Montreal's north shore. "You have busy, engaged students making decisions, producing something they can be proud of."

It's hard not to agree with that assessment when you watch an anti-driven program in action. Bright scraps of fabric and hair spill from a trunk as the team of Mary Beth Johns's Windsor, Ont., classroom over Thursday afternoon. One gas to hand, LTIA fabric artist Margaret Anderson helps the third graders at Rosedale Public School fix the scraps onto paper squares which are then cut and folded to create a "quilt." Later, the kids listen closely as one classroom made today's composition, an Irish fiddle, evoked by a busy landlord, arrives in Canada. "The mother-in-law, dies, and a barrel, wrapped in a quilt. Aaawww, her, family members make a new quilt that reminds them of their mom."

Johns and Anderson then prompt the children to review what they've learned. From the comments, it's clear this has been more than just a social studies unit on pioneers. It has also served as much more in preparing, and a chance to develop language skills.

Johns, a 12-year veteran of teaching, acknowledges the kids have absorbed the material. "They don't forget," she says. "They're remembering lessons." Her eight-year-old students know what she means. "When I get up and do something, I learn better," says Rania Senechal, 8, "I don't like to sit down, it's kinda boring." Danielle Dupuis chimes in. "It's funner to do stuff than to sit and listen."

The kids have fun and, it turns out, learn more. Uptown and Queen's University education professor Katherine Smithson began making elementary students across the country in 1999. Last November they reported an average of 1,000 Grade 6 students' kids



Children such as those ones in Langport, Que., benefit from LTIA's in-the-classroom

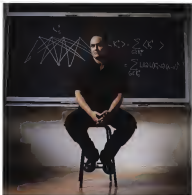
at LTIA schools scored 11 percentile points higher on arithmetic than the control group. It's too early to say if the better math scores will stick. Uptown acknowledges, but one conclusion is indisputable. "So often we're told schools can't offer any programs because they have to focus on the maths and sciences. Our study showed in a huge way that nobody suffered." That is, increased time in the arts doesn't have to come at the expense of other subjects.

You could put it down to chemistry, a certain connection between the artist and the student. "When you have a passion for something," says Annette Adair, national coordinator of Artisticraft, "it rubs off"—especially for slower learners, including those with developmental issues. Elsevier points out that three "selective muters"—children who are physically able to talk but choose not to—have spoken out during LTIA sessions. "Arts allow the child in themselves to really shine," she adds. "It's about authenticity and being respectful, relating on an equal level." And that chemistry can help teachers to see students in a new

light. "A child may demonstrate all sorts of abilities I don't know they have," says Johns. "It lets me see them in a better way."

The arts' passion also rubs off on teachers. A teacher in Rhonda Hipperson says daughters Mary and Anna got so excited about an LTIA class at Regatta's Marian McVie School as they do about going on a field trip. "When you've got someone of that high caliber, the kids feel and use it." And then there are the creations like grids, 54 and 11, bring home. Mary's bamboo-brush on-line paper watercolor—painted for a social studies lesson on Asia—in the lobby of the family contracting business. "They're terrible pieces of art," says Rhonda.

DEBATES IN EDUCATION have a way of quickly polarizing. So it's not surprising to see the squaring off against technology in the Quaker study. The 15 "technology-rich" schools included in the control group fared no better than the others—and not as well as the LTIA schools—in the achievement test results. "There's been a lot of money introducing technology into the classrooms



THE MATH MOTIVATOR

"We'll look back on this as a dark age in education." So says Toronto playwright, math scholar and dabbler in the philosophy of education John Mighton. He's also a math teacher who, with his nonprofit organization, Junior Achievement Mathematical Sciences (JAMS), has helped turn 1,000 one-time struggling kids into virtual math whizzes. Mighton, 43, attributes our pre-enlightened state to a school culture that neglects what he calls the "psychological

aspect of learning"—that is, nurturing a child's confidence and excitement about school. In his recently published book *The Joy of Abacus* (Harvard), Mighton reveals the method that has worked so well for his students—but only after he takes schools to task for perpetuating the myth that some people are simply bad at math. And he cites himself as a prime example of the notion's fallacy. A mathematician wannabe from an early age, he dropped

in this dark age, says Mighton, we fail to nurture student confidence and excitement

out of calculus in university after getting a C. But at 21, with several award-winning plays to his name and experience as a volunteer math tutor—not to mention greater confidence—he tried again. Three years ago he got his Ph.D. at the University of Toronto. Most teachers believe they themselves have no math ability. Mighton began an informal, and informal that it should be, struggling students. At first, he, our educational system assumes some students will inevitably do poorly or fail. But given a child's innate ability to learn, Mighton argues, success in math for all is a reasonable goal—and low grades reflect a failure to teach.

Mighton's pedagogy combines simple mechanical procedures—which involve breaking each function into its most rudimentary steps—with an ample dose of tutoring. Confidence matters, he says, more than easily if a child is excited about learning. To spark that interest, he hands out work that's above grade level—a manageable challenge precisely because math functions can be broken down into simple steps. For a third grader to know she's working on a problem two grades above her level, he says, is a "huge success for."

But children also want, and need, positive reinforcement. "With talent, the capacity to absorb knowledge cannot be separated from the capacity to be afraid," he writes. Experience tells him this is still true of older kids. Finally, Mighton suggests, "no one can learn math without believing they can." And it's up to teachers to convey their confidence in students' abilities. "I've worked with 180 very low remedial kids. And I'm quite certain they can all do it." How can he be so sure? "Because I haven't met one yet who hasn't." S.F.

to help boost math scores," says Ugras. "Well, in this case, it didn't."

The federal spending, yes, was premature. After ploughing through the literature, Bernie Prosser-German, a coauthor with the Canadian Teachers' Federation in Ottawa, concludes that "the jury is very much out" about whether computers help students learn. As well, the costs of maintaining and updating technology, and training teachers to use it competently, can be prohibitive. Federal figures aren't available, but in Alberta, for instance, the annual cost in 2000 ranged from \$176 to \$222 per ele-

mentary student—and jumped to a high of \$676 per high school student. (UTJA typically costs \$60 per child, split between the school and UTJA. Antismart grants are \$500 to \$15,000 per school. With both, schools must eventually make over all funding.)

Last year, three Saskatchewan teaching professionals launched a survey on technology use. While almost all the 3,172 teachers who responded believed computers are helpful, a huge gulf exists between actual and potential use. More than half the teachers claimed proficiency in just six of 14 basic tasks (such as e-mail and Internet searches).

More advanced skills (e.g., spreadsheets and editing video) elude the vast majority. The reason? Lack of time and training. "It's sad," says Wendy James, one of the survey's authors. "There's a strong desire, but no resources." The report suggests boards renege 30 per cent of a school's technology budget to professional development, even if that means waiting longer to replace aging technology (possibly renewed every three years).

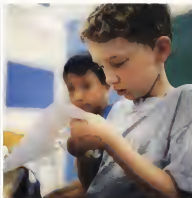
THE KIDS at the Institute of Child Study know what to do with computers. Much of their curriculum revolves around an unusual

THE JURY is out about the benefits of computers, whereas the costs of maintaining and updating technology can be prohibitive

software called Knowledge Forum. Unlike the vast array of commercial educational software that comes jam-packed with stuff kids should know—often featuring video-game-style displays that can lead to fill in the blanks—Knowledge Forum announces itself on-screen as a clean slate. The point is for students to construct their own "knowledge building community," says one of its developers, Muelzer Bonifield. That is, the software prompts kids to express in text or images what they know and—more importantly—what they don't. It provides a way to represent their ideas and questions and then share files to build on their ideas with other kids and adults in the class, school or, via the Internet, around the world. The constructive feedback that neither obviously teaches nor wrong or misleading ideas. The teacher is no longer the expert, but a facilitator, steering the process from the sidelines.

In fact, the computers in the Toronto-area school seem almost underthought. One kindergarten, the lights in Robert Menzies' Grade 4 classroom are turned off. But the place hums with activity. Two girls fiddle with a couple of table tennis balls in a rectangular box in cardboard boxes. They run green cell phones over one to filter out all but their green light waves. Some students are at a table, clicking on the way like reflexes through a prism. The monitor is splayed on the floor, aiming its light beam through plastic lenses onto a piece of paper. And that there are a half dozen kids sitting at their desks, scribbling in notebooks. Seven computers, for now unused, line the back wall.

The students are creating experiments they conceived and designed themselves. "They set the curriculum," says Menzies,



Kids like Christopher Stacey help convince researchers that is the cost-effective way to go

who launched the science unit by simply asking them what they'd like to know about light. After an initial discussion followed by some good-will-fashioned research, the kids decided what to focus on. For Robert Menzies and Muelzer Bonifield, it's "what happens to a planet's colour when you only allow green light waves to reach it." Tal Scheraga wants to know how glow-in-the-dark neighborhoods. Later, they'll record their observations and theories on the computers, using Knowledge Forum software.

Encouraged to try out their ideas, students "come to be free," says Bonifield, a professor of education at the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education. Teachers, however, may feel a little uneasy: the software's open-endedness makes the program difficult to integrate with the set expectations of a government-mandated curriculum—although Knowledge Forum is used in about

150 public schools here and around the world. And lessons may become a little chaotic. "It can be terrifying," says Menzies. "You can't possibly be on top of it all." That's because the children's questions tend to get increasingly sophisticated. He cites one that had him stumped: Is zero an even or odd number? (Even, because it's evenly divisible by two.) But, he adds, the kids gain a deep understanding of the material.

In fact, students push well above the bar set by the province's curriculum. So far, says an HCS Grade 4 class using Knowledge Forum software observed by Macdonald, having reached for a science unit. "The kids noticed that, when flipped onto their backs, the machines quickly right themselves," says Bev Caswell, that class's teacher. That over time, they were slower to right themselves—a response, she asserts, hypothesized, to increased handling. The users, they hoped,

WE RISK "sterilizing the joy of learning out of school," says an education administrator. "We need to look at where the kids are in all this."

We know one kids must be having a ball when the teacher is too. "It's so excited when I see what they're doing," says Delta Middle of the Grade 3 class at Yellowknife's Range Lake North School. "I have as much fun as they do." The fun is in making books, 352 this year alone. The "books"—some hand written and hand-illustrated words bound with a plastic coil—cover everything from reading, writing and social studies to science and math, often combining two or three areas of study. In 1990,

Animal's "The Shark Bite," for instance, a shark saves Octopus Otto by freeing him from a net. But the story also incorporates facts about the sea creature's habitat, a merit problem, and a glossary. "I take integration to the nth degree," she says. "It's the only way to cover all the curriculum demands."

It's also a great way to get students to take charge of their own learning, says Meredith, winner of a 2001/02 Prince-McCormick Award for Teaching Excellence. More time is spent

they've written at home and other research to use in their next book. And because students record their works on cassette tapes, they happily practice reading aloud. "They catch the bug," says Meredith. "You take them little places, and they start going on their own."

At Fredrickson's George Street Middle School, Lise Bourgeois asks her Grade 8 students to construct paper airplanes for a math unit on data management. "We take five different trials of the same plane and measure the distance it flew," she says. The students calculate the mean, median and mode of the average distances and plot the results on a graph. "It actually see the plane fly helps them understand why the graph looks the way it does."

Bourgeois, also a 1981/1982 teaching excellence award winner, uses the same approach to teach mathematics—the basic logic “upside rocks” in the scholastic (later weighted in the science lab) and design gingerbread houses from a set quantity of cookie dough. Backing up such exercises with “a fair amount of the good old paper-and-pencil task,” she says, is crucial. But it’s the hands-on learning that creates a “deep understanding” much more effective, she feels. “You have 50 questions in their heads and you’re...”

58

were learning how to be helpless. Last year, a *Globe and Mail* article announced a major discovery: a University of Guelph psychology student had found Maslow's own couch, in becoming accustomed to their handrails, lost their defensive behavior. In other words, says Casswell, the researcher established "the concept of learned helplessness that my class had already figured out."

Knowledge Forum works as well, says boardmember, because it brings ideas—instead of tests and predefined goals—to the centre of learning. Can't that be done without special computer software? Perhaps, she says. But because computers are pervasive, they facilitate an easy flow of information that allows kids to go further, to receive constructive feedback, and mould new theories relatively easily. "Computers literally give ideas a life," she says. And this is where technology and art find common ground. "That sustained power of ideas," says Seidenfeld, "is an unworldly source

joy. It's the joy of having your ideas live and grow and be meaningful to other people."

NO WHERE DOES THAT leave most Canadian teachers? In fact, a focus on how children learn has crept into the curriculum standards of every province. Quebec leads the parade with a whole series of reforms aimed at creating a broader, integrative approach to curricula. Manitoba and Saskatchewan are also taking strides in a similar direction. According to Judith Poir, an assistant superintendent for Regina's public schools, Saskatchewan is the only province to include the arts in its core curriculum. It includes arts programs in all 47 elementary schools last year. Similarly, the success of an Arts Franco project in Portage La Prairie spurred the director of program development in the Manitoba Department of Education, Anne Lévesque, to try to bring ArtsFranco to all the province's schools. There was the danger of "antagonizing the use of French in

of school," says Longson. "We've become so competitive that we need to have a look at what the kids are in all of this."

Parents and teachers have long suspected, says Qweiro's researcher, "Qweiro, of a few of his kids, school didn't make sense." That's likely to continue, the odds are high, as these students, and those in most previous, on delivering a narrow curriculum that emphasizes performance on standardized tests without also integrating how to hook kids onto learning. The Qweiro's study also looks beyond LIT to try and identify the kinds of things that make kids truly active learners. The principal finding, that different kids respond in different ways. Arm-driven programming isn't for every one, says Qweiro. "Boards should be used, one size fits all," the advice. The bottom line, the conclusion is, "we need a curriculum that makes kids happy to go to school." Finally, no one's ever thought that was reasonable, before.

2



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LUNCHROOM BEDLAM

As a teacher, we're concerned, seemingly about kids who don't eat breakfast. Many Canadian schools have morning meals for needy kids. But lunchtime is often a forgo-all, chaotic period. Almost 30 years ago, the Supreme Court of Canada ruled in a procedure-setting case that school boards have a duty to care for children at school. Since then, there's been an ongoing discussion—and it should continue—about what makes a caring environment. "We already know learning on an empty stomach doesn't work. Isn't that just as true in the afternoon as in the morning?"

Kids rest in each other have to scream just to be heard. Sometimes on the floor, partly because they want to and partly because there isn't quite enough space at the tables. One boy runs across the room, hopping over a stray lunch box and skulking around small groups. Another child is hiding under a desk against the wall, his knees pressed up against his ears. At one point, he surmounts our crab-like, antsy-legged by another boy. Within seconds, he's back, no one pays him any attention. "What was with the kid under the table?" I hear one of the teachers. "He's the

supposed to do that," she replies. But with 40 minutes for 450 children—a ratio that works out to one adult per 75 kids—no child gets individual attention. No one reminds the kids to eat at least some of their food.

Yes, says pediatrician Rose Schwartz, author of *The Enlightened Parent's Mindful Toddler*. Stressed situations, like my daughter's Lachance, can trigger the adrenalin-provoked fight-or-flight response, which may cause the gastrointestinal tract to shut down, eating off feelings of hunger. A child who isn't feeling hungry won't choose nourishing food—he'll go for sweets instead. The blood sugar levels of children who don't eat a proper lunch will fall, which can affect attention span and cause kids to become aggressive and irritable. And, says Schwartz, it's enough to start a healthy lunch in 20 minutes, even if you're hungry. Apples, carrots and granola bars take time to chew—most come up to you, says a dietitian.

It's distressing for me to know that my daughter eats harsh—or doesn't—every day in this prison cooker. For her, even though she may not recognize it, it's probably worse.



MAD COW FOOT-DRAGGING

Ottawa has yet to act on the recommended BSE reforms, writes JOHN GEDDES

NEARLY FOUR months have passed since the discovery of a solitary case of mad cow disease threw Canada's beef business into turmoil, and what has changed? When it comes to the rules aimed at preventing the spread of bovine spongiform encephalopathy through tainted cattle feed, the answer is: nothing. The regulations that were in place before the crisis remain unreviewed, even though federal officials admit they are clearly outdated. In June, an international team of experts proposed by Ottawa to study the system proposed key reforms, and Agriculture

has not only not discussed animal to human disease on the Canadian cattle industry

Minister Lyle Voeckler and Health Minister Anne McLellan promised a quick response. But as of last week, federal officials would only say that the panel's recommendations are still being studied over—and the government refuses to be pushed into setting a timetable for action.

The go-slow approach might be unsurprising if Canada's existing safeguards were considered good enough. The main one is

a ban on feeding the rendered remains of cows, sheep and other ruminants to, well, cows, sheep and other ruminants. After that, an unusual diet was found to be at the root of Britain's BSE epidemic, Canada and the U.S. moved together to outlaw the practice in 1997. Bone-meat bans exist in many other countries, however, it is still allowed to be mixed into feed meant for other farm animals, such as pigs and chickens. That raises the possibility of foods getting mixed up—a serious risk flagged by both the international panel and the United Nations' Food and Agriculture



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Organization. But in 1997, when the regulations were put in place, along with an inspection regime to enforce them, BSE was still considered a remote risk in North America. "Now we're having to deal with a real life finding," Sergio Tolosa, food program coordinator for the federal Canadian Food Inspection Agency, told Maclean's. "We have to react when we're doing and perhaps make some changes."

As well, Canada has not yet acted on the panel's call for a total ban on the use of so-called specified risk materials in all animal feeds, such as bovine spinal cords and brains, chocolate parts most likely to be infected with BSE. (Ottawa banned such high-risk animal products from human food products.)

Farmers, food analysts and government officials are quick to claim that the risk of cross-contamination is small. But the margin of error when it comes to mad cow disease has to be exceedingly slim—given the economic havoc wreaked by just one case. And the current rules are not always being followed. About 600 food plants and 30 restaurants are inspected once a year by Tolosa's agency.

He said that in 2001-2002, the latest figures available, close to one per cent of the food plants inspected were not in compliance with the national food regulations. "We haven't found any cases of complete lack of control where people are willfully putting the wrong things in the wrong places," he said. "What sorts of violations are being discovered, what? Tolosa put it this way: "There's human error, there's oversight, and there's perhaps a lack of understanding on the industry's part of what the regulations are."

Nor does the food industry know what to expect next. "Frankly, we're really not sure what direction the government wants to take," said Christine Menon, general manager of the Ontario Meat Producers Association of Canada, which represents beef processors. As for the cattle farmers, their umbrella group, the Canadian Cattlemen's Association, argues the expert panel's recommendations would raise costs unnecessarily, and exposed Ottawa hasn't moved yet to implement them. "We're satisfied that they're not jumping too far ahead," said Bob McNabb, the association's executive manager. He says Ottawa, not to mention federal agencies in coordination with the United States and with cattle producers residing in other jurisdictions, federal politicians are vying with the one another over officials' ideal view to be overlooked.

THE FARMERS GAMBLE

Is it better to sell cattle at a loss or keep them?



AUTUMN is a pivotal season for the cattle industry. It's when cow/calf operators usually ship most of their young animals to feedlots, to be reared to market weight, then sold again to processors. It's also the time when many ranchers look to "cull"—the industry's polite term for slaughter—breeding cattle more than 30 months old to make room for younger animals. But this fall, the traditional rhythms have been sent amiss by the fallout over cow-cow disease discovered in Alberta on May 26. With the crucial American market still that tight against all live cattle exports as well as most products from older animals, Canadian cattle prices are half of what they were just four months ago. Producers face an unpleasant choice: either dispose with their cattle now in this sale prices or try to wait out the border downwinders for cows of keeping their animals alive through the winter.

Canada's beef industry has lost an estimated \$1.1 billion a day in export sales since 34 countries sealed their borders in May. A hint of relief came in August when the United States and Mexico, Canada's two largest customers, agreed to accept local animals from cattle under 30 months of age—animals considered too young to contract mad cow disease. But the continuing ban on live animals is putting in 2002, Canada

has been less happy than at fall auctions,

exported \$3.8 billion worth of live cattle, almost all of it to the U.S. Meanwhile, the slaughtering of older cows threatens to create further backlogs in the production cycle.

In response, some farm groups are pressing for a government-subsidized slaughter of more than 600,000 older cattle. In a worst-case scenario, some carcasses would simply be buried. But both the Canadian Cattlemen's Association and the Alberta Beef Producers, which together represent more than 100,000 cattle operators, reject that approach. Among other things, they fear the public would see the slaughter of mass cattle graves.

With export bans likely to stay in effect for several more months, keeping the support of domestic customers is a top industry priority. When Britain and Japan suffered mad cow outbreaks, consumers reported by transatlantically turning back on beef. By contrast, Canadians, apparently unaffected by their beef imports side-to-side, purchased 62 per cent more burgers, steaks and roasts in July than in the same month last year. "With our buoyant confidence, says Ron Acheson, general manager of the Alberta Cattle Producers' Association, "the industry would be dead by now."

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YOUNG AND VERY DEADLY



LIBERIA'S ARMY of teenage soldiers is growing restless, writes **ALEXANDRE TRUDEAU**, and could soon wreak havoc once again on a nation still reeling from war



LURO-LAND, a journalist colloquially calls it, sits on Bushrod Island in the Liberian capital, Monrovia, and spreads north and west to the borders of Guinea and Sierra Leone. LURD—Liberians United for Reconciliation and Democracy—is the rebel force largely responsible for pushing Charles Taylor into exile last month. It started as a small bush army, as Taylor's forces did in 1989 when he launched his rebellion against then-president Samuel Doe. Like Taylor, LURD received weapons and support from neighboring countries, and just as Taylor did, the rebel now controls much of Liberia and has recruited thousands of teenage boys who have fought their way to Monrovia.

LURD is a strange creature, offering no clear political leadership. Perhaps LURD has learned that the leadership of Liberia

should be split out of its warring factions; it has shown little interest in actually running the country. Monrovia, LURD's upper echelons, including its chairman, Sekou Conteh, are mostly Muslim Mandingos. Liberia's dominant Christians, comprising more than 40 per cent of the country's 3.2 million people, routinely proclaim that a Mandingo will never rule Liberia. The Mandingos, primarily merchants and traders, generally accept that their place in Liberia is to be close to power, but not to take hold of it. Yet after 14 years of war, Liberia is now slouching toward peace and democracy under the guns of the LURD monster—a very uneasy predicament.

A ceasefire agreement, signed on Aug. 18, will lead to the creation of a new interim government in December, with elections

planned for 2005. But LURD and government troops continue to fight in various parts of the country, even though their attacks have been mostly directed toward civilians. This non-compliance with the cease-fire should not so much be taken as a sign of bad faith on the part of the armed factions, but points to a far more terrible reality about the war: Legions of armed boys are ready to return to the battlefield in this conflict that has already claimed nearly 250,000 lives.

I travel to the LURD stronghold in Tabernburg, about 50 km northwest of Monrovia, to spend time with the young fighters on whom Liberia's future hinges. An old man called Mr. Bah whom I meet at the airport agrees to take me there in his 1970s Peugeot. Bah no RAJ. They are the wandering merchants found everywhere in West Africa. They specialize in garments and jewelry, and claim to be descended from ancient Egyptian hardmen who crossed the Sahara when it was still a land of green pastures. Making small talk, I ask Mr. Bah if his wife is a Liberian. "No way," he exclaims. "Too hot-blooded! If I had married a Liberian woman, I would be in my grave already." Then, from his wallet, he draws a small photograph of a shy-looking little woman with a headscarf. "This is my wife," Mr. Bah

says. "She has given me seven children. Everyone is in Guinea now."

On our way to Tabernburg, we stop on Bushrod Island to make a courtesy call at the LURD Civilian Office. Al Huffy Nefoms is a LURD commander. He wears a blue pith helmet and aviator sunglasses. He leans back behind the desk in his spartan office, sporting a T-shirt that reads "We Want Peace." Fofana is a Mandingo and presumably Muslim, but he has the air of a hard-driving, necessary life entrepreneur in one of his capacities. LURD's secretary general, Joe Ghahla, a fierce-looking man who is said to command the rebels' immensely popular radio station—a central Christian. He is happy that we are having a chance to see just how good things are in LURD-controlled Tabernburg, and promises to meet us there.

The way to Tabernburg is ridden with checkpoints, but the first three or four are manned by Nigerian peacekeepers who are part of an international force of 2,500 soldiers. They are there to prevent LURD from straggling gangs across the Po River into Monrovia. Civilians have set up an emergency market along the main road to peddle looted goods, making the way to Tabernburg not another marauding highway of death, but a fairly busy trading route with

fighting in the capital (top left); some soldiers wear masks (center left), smacking musicians (center right), holding away a body

people fleeing to purchase stolen goods or even to reacquire their own things—at a price, of course.

The boy soldiers at the LURD checkpoints are jovial. High on victory—and a plentiful supply of drugs—they milk the passing cars for handouts. As we journey through their territory, I'm eager to observe the ethnic makeup of the LURD fighters. The boys are a mosaic of Liberian tribes, and by no means predominantly Muslim. Mandingos. But among the rank-and-file fighters, there are still more Mandingos than I expected. I had theorized that the calm and relatively affluent Mandingos of Liberia would have avoided the front lines. War Mandingo boys are mixed up with the rest, and are just as scrappy-looking. It surprises me as the Christianity, which was brought to West Africa fairly recently by whites, Islam has been here for almost a millennium and is considered a source of wisdom and stability. So, as a checkpoint where I meet a young Mandingo who calls himself Commander Cripple-Pussy, I'm almost inclined to ask, "Now what kind of

name is that for a good Muslim?"

In Tabernburg, I encounter a young fighter who calls himself Bad Blood. He wears a mossy and is of the Kpelle tribe. His story is a common one. The fighter went into his village and ran amok, killing his parents and torching his house. When they finally moved on, he had no choice but to follow them. Bad Blood and most of his comrades-in-arms do not have homes or families anymore. The only culture they have in common is the wild culture of war. Tabernburg is bustling. Pickup trucks and four-wheel drive vehicles are everywhere. Most have been spray-painted with the names of the fighters who stole them. Colonel Dead Body, Ranger One Akrack Force, and the like. Many, riddled with bullet holes, have also been damaged by molotov devices. In fact, between the boys, "car spooker" is a common trade. The fighters carry radios and CD players and are dressed in colourful new clothes. Tabernburg is a party town.

In another room, a young LURD official is moaning loudly at a school. People are complaining about one problem after another: bad health, no food, damaged roads. The LURD man obviously has no solutions, but tells them international aid agencies will



soon be here to look after all their needs. But so far, aid groups have been reluctant to leave the safety of Monrovia.

In a house on the outskirts of town we meet again with secretary general Gbaha. He proposes that we conduct some meetings at the LURD headquarters, an old police station. Gbaha, like most of the faction's leaders, is casually dressed and unarmed. He leads the way toward the station. A youngster with glazed eyes and an AK-47 bars Gbaha's way—his friends are inside, playing cards and smoking dope. Gbaha is momentarily taken aback. "Do you know who you are talking to?" he asks gruffly. The teenager hesitates, then sheepishly comes to attention. Gbaha walks into the building and comes out right away. "Let's not meet here," he says with a disapproving smile. We move on.

The rebel fighters often don't know who their commanders are. LURD's chief, Solomon Connah, has not been in Liberia for a few months, and nobody really knows when he will be coming. Perhaps worse of all, LURD has created authority over its teenage soldiers.

A white man proudly shows off his son. Will he someday join in the fighting?

This is the terrible truth about the war in Liberia: warring means fighting forces out of children, but without educational structure and a military bureaucracy to pay and feed them, they have no real control.

Without a battle to wage, the boys wait for handouts and beg for jobs. Their minds have been dulled by drugs, and their souls are dark with sin. They know nothing but war. You cannot run a country with such forces. Taylor was both beholden to and responsible for the teenage soldiers he created, because he had destroyed their homes and families. Once he became president, there was nothing to do with these handless but armed teenagers of the country. This was Taylor's downfall. With fighting spreading outside of Liberia's borders, he was labelled a threat to peace in the region and was finally indicted as war criminal in Sierra Leone by the UN-backed Special Court for Sierra Leone in June. To fight Taylor, neighboring regimes funnelled guns and money to

LURD, more and more teenage fighters were recruited, and the tides of war finally turned against Taylor.

In Timorizing, every wrecked and immobilized car, every radio ruined after being left out in the rain, brings the boys that much closer to having no direction. And that brings them that much closer to turning to their commanders and asking, "What next?" LURD's leaders, like Taylor before them, can't answer this question. These boys will always be available to any warlord who is ready to feed and employ them.

The war will have to help decide what is next for Liberia, and how to help these fighter boys behind their wild and bloody passions and find righteousness, faith, love and peace. This task falls most heavily on the American government, which in the 1840s helped fend off U.S. slaves moved to the region, and which saved the country they made. Liberia is in desperate need. The U.S. must return to Liberia in a meaningful way, and show that it is good at making peace as it is at making war. **F**



AN EMPIRE UNDER ATTACK

Even a friend has openly criticized Conrad Black's business practices



LIKE HIS color model, Napoleon Bonaparte, after he dared to invade Russia, Conrad Black has been forced into a strategic retreat which has signs of turning into a rout.

Last week, he commented he had for the first time a major financial infusion that would allow him to maintain control of his sprawling media empire. It remains an open question whether he can survive the onslaught of his many shareholders, who are fed up watching him collect massive compensation while his holding company, Hollinger Inc., founders (At US\$71 million, his compensation from Hollinger International, the newspaper operating company, is higher than the combined compensation of the CEOs who run the New

York Times, Washington Post and Chicago Tribune media conglomerates.)

At the same time, Black's once powerful media dominion has, in less than a decade, been reduced from 500 papers with a daily circulation of 4.7 million, third largest in the world, to only three major publications: London's Daily Telegraph, the Chicago Sun-Times and the Jerusalem Post, with a combined circulation of 1.7 million.

Black's troubles started in the fall of 1993 when Rupert Murdoch, the proprietor of the London Times, reduced his paper's cover price from 45 pence to 30 pence to chal-

lenge the 45 pence-Telegraph's then heady circulation lead. Black refused to follow suit for 10 months. In May 1994, he sold 12.5 million Telegraph PLC shares from Hollinger Inc. to institutional investors.

A few weeks later, Black and his wife Barbara Anand, whom I hired in 1975 when I was editor of *Maclean's* and who continues to write a monthly column for the magazine, attended the month of London's society circuit by hosting a party for 150 guests, including Diana, Princess of Wales, at the Ritz. Within two days of the party, Black switched tactics against Murdoch and dropped the Telegraph's price tag to something 30 pence, reducing Telegraph's annual revenues by 40 million pounds and share

KEEPING PREMIUMS DOWN

The head of the Insurance Corporation of B.C. on the benefits of public insurance



LAST WEEK, a report by the Consumers Association of Canada found that the four provinces with public auto insurance—B.C., Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Québec—offered the best deals in Canada. B.C., however, nearly opted out. The Crown-owned Insurance Corporation of B.C. was on the path to privatization until events took an unexpected turn, spurring drivers from the runaway premiums in other regions. ICBC—which for 30 years has held a provincial monopoly on providing basic auto insurance—was expected

Geer and ICBC drive a good bargain compared to insurance rates elsewhere

to be out-gunned and sold to private insurers after the election in 2001 of Gordon Campbell's free-market Liberals. One of Campbell's first acts was to appoint Nick Geer, a former vice-chair of the Jim Pattison Group, as ICBC's chair and later its president and CEO. Geer and a new board were asked to assess whether the Crown insurer ought to be closed or sold. For years, and while their intensive review found

a need to cut staff and costs, they and the government decided it was best to keep ICBC public. Maclean's B.C. Bureau Chief Ron MacQueen spoke to Geer, 61, about the company's U-turn on the road to privatization.

As a B.C. consumer, what were your impressions of ICBC before you signed on?
I did my darndest not to have preconceived notions. The idea was to come into this company and really look at it hard, to understand what was good and what was bad. Most



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It was assumed, with your business background, you had an agenda to increase.

I did not come with an agenda. I came with the instructions from the premier to do the right thing for the people of this province. And if that was to lead off on the pension route, I would have taken it. We found things going on inside this company that I had no idea existed. This company has built an ins light under a bushel for many, many years.

What does ICBC do that private insurers don't?

This company operates the drivers licensing operations for the government. We operate the vehicle licensing operations. We collect a significant number of traffic fines. We reported to the government last year \$910 million in fines and licensing fees. We carry the entire cost of processing that, some \$90 million, based on the basic premium. We actually collect double the cost of fines, if you can believe it. We're required by law to refuse to issue insurance unless a fine is paid. If we were to have been privatized, there's \$90 million in costs that would have instantly been passed back to government. We also spend \$40 million a year on road safety activities.

Switch act?

We fund all the Drinking Driving Counter Attack activities of the police. We spend a lot of money on things like that. That's a good business expense. For example, the Malahat Highway on Vancouver Island. It's a won-



derful road, dead straight, and people were tending to fall asleep. We landed putting rumble strips down the side. People wake up when they started driving off the road and they didn't crash. We got back out cost in six or eight months. Thousands of people are walking the street heavily and uninsured because of what we spend on road safety.

Insurance is now an elective issue. Not in B.C.

Are other provinces paying attention?

Other provinces are talking to us. This actually came up as a committee in Alberta for the implementation of auto insurance reform. We were the largest automobile insurer in Canada, by far. Our system operates fairly well and I think most people in Canada have come to the conclusion that what happens in B.C. is about the best of all worlds.

There are huge insurance increases elsewhere.

Are they justified?

You'll have to ask them that. I can say our operating costs are significantly lower than the industry somewhere between 15 and 16 percent of our premium dollar. We believe the industry costs run between 24 and 27 percent. It's because of our scope, our size, our concentration in one area, run because we're brilliant—though we are, of course. But there are factors that allow us to be that efficient.

Why don't young drivers in B.C. pay premiums equal to their accident risk?

We don't make a differentiation on age, sex

or marital status, that is true. You earn discounts to your insurance as you achieve a longer accident-free driving record. A new driver, regardless of age—a 45-year-old new driver or a 16-year-old new driver—doesn't get that discount until they've achieved years of accident-free driving. Do we differentiate on clean drivers versus bad drivers? Yes we do. Do we differentiate on age? No we don't. Is a younger male more likely to have an accident? Yes—but we believe it is far better to look at the driving record than it is to look at racial issues.

Aside from saving young drivers the cost, are there other benefits?

We link vehicle licensing with insurance. When you insure your car you also license it at the same time with your broker, and you can't become your car unless you have insurance. B.C. has a remarkably low level of uninsured drivers, some where around two or three per cent, most. The national average is around 10 to 15 per cent.

Where is ICBC going?

The target is Jan. 1, 2006, and the vision statement, I'll read it to you. "ICBC will be the leading insurance company in all aspects of its business. Operating competitively and valued by customers." That's where I want to get to.

A levitable insurance company?

I want our customers. I want the people of our province to say, "We like ICBC." Is that a target? I think it's achievable. 

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Columns | DONALD OGRE



TEN TIPS FOR PARTY CHAT

When it comes to the markets, here's what to say to show you know your stuff

WITH NORTEL back in the news (for going up, not collapsing), it won't be long before conversation at social gatherings returns to the stock market and the economy. Money, like wine, loosens conversations when it's coming easily. If you feel inadequate when someone intones, "Ech's not headed higher because GDP growth will be at five per cent," or, "The word on Wall Street is that interest rates are going to drop sharply," then here's 10 tips to show you're in the know.

1. Be more specific. "I talk to one of the biggest experts on tech stocks, and he's saying buy (insert name of Nasdaq stock here)." You smile and reply, "Nasdaq's on Broadway, and they've had trouble there since the days of, 'I got the horse right here, his name is Paul Revere.' Such mountebanks were at their best in '99. But I guess, like another great proverbs said, 'There's a scarier horse every season.'"

2. If a self-declared expert says, "Look, everybody knows interest rates are going down," say, "But didn't up 90 per cent from its low, the U.S. dollar is looking like the locomotive to look, and not consumer Ed Bryant says U.S. growth will be more than the per cent this quarter."

3. If another expert says, "Look, everybody knows interest rates are going up," tell her, "But [Federal Reserve chairman Alan] Greenspan said [Bank of Canada governor David] Dodge was clearly on board, the European Central Bank may opt to raise (France promises not to let its budget deficit get out of control, and inflation is clearly outside the big problem anymore."

4. Suppose you want to impress an attractive woman at a party, and she lets on that she's a member of an investment club and is interested in the stock market. Say, "Now that Americans in higher net brackets are only paying 15 per cent tax on dividend—the same as they pay on capital gains—the big Canadian banks that trade in New York are attracting a whole new class of buyers. On a no-adjusted basis, the typical bank

now delivers four times the yield an American gets on a money market fund."

5. If that doesn't work, add, "You could buy all the publicly traded mining stocks in the world for the market capitalization of Cisco, and so all it would take is a slight increase in investment around stocks such as Inco, Norwest, or BHP Billiton up huge."

6. You wander into the next room and hear two men arguing over gold. You note that their voices get louder the more they drink. One says, "Gold is going to a thousand." The other one intones, "Gold is one big deflation." What do you do when they look at you?

Simple. You smile, and say, "Since the famous Woods Agreement, the American dollar has largely replaced gold in global exchange reserves. But few experts think

A REAL problem can arise for the frightened neophyte if the blundered attending attention uses some impressive terminology

gold can be totally eliminated from the financial system. There's certainly no chance of that happening when U.S. money supplies are growing faster than GDP, and the U.S. Current Account deficit is at the danger level of five per cent of GDP. Indeed, the evidence is that gold should trend higher. But it certainly won't go back to US\$850 an ounce, any more than Namal is going back to \$100. Both those prices come in minutes." They smile and leave them to fight it out.

7. A real problem can arise for the frightened neophyte if the blundered attending attention uses some impressive terminology. Example: "I always buy stocks based on their low p/e ratios—and I almost never lose."

Impress the gathering with, "That used to work years ago, but these days, you have

to adjust reported earnings for stock option costs, pension fund losses, and recurring write-downs. What is truth anymore? It's so hard to get honest numbers for so many companies that you can really get into trouble."

8. Your big opportunity comes when someone confides in you that he "just doesn't know what to think because it's all so confusing." This is your chance to say, "At least we don't have to worry about deflation any more with prices for key commodities—including gold, oil and gas—so strong." If he looks puzzled, ask, "Can you think of any time in recorded history when there was deflation at a time of rising commodity prices?" After expounding here, excuse yourself because you've just noticed someone you must talk with. If you stay too long, he'll start asking probing questions and blow your cover.

9. Remains serious when you meet someone who reminds you, in hurt tones, of a terrible tip you once gave—in a moment weakened by the intersection of stepped profits in your brokerage account and two martinis. There is only one resource: "Oh, blimey! I forgot I told you that, so when I dumped that stock (at \$11 in the blink of an eye, which was just about its all-time high) to get into (then, include name of another stock, with a price quote near its all-time low) I didn't call you. Leave me your card, will you? Sorry, old chap."

10. A sound strategy is to be totally flustered that can be neither proved nor disproved. Suppose you hear, "Well, with \$400 out of the way, we can count on the American manufacturing boom." You look thoughtful and say, "Once on hope. But I just came back from the West and haven't seen downing there, and they had almost no S&P500. What about when many Americans heard as much in their media about [Liberal MP] Carolyn Parrish, who called them 'those bastards,' and the hundreds of other influential neo-Americans, that they decided not to bring their families to a country where they're despised. There's been no apologies and anti-Americanism is still big, so why expect Americans to retreat?"

Thus armed, be prepared to be treated like an authority, rather than like a 98 lb intellectual wacko. ■

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THE NEW GAME

Two decades later, KEN DRYDEN adds a fresh chapter to his best-selling book

The updated version of *The Game* by Ken Dryden, the Montreal Canadiens goaltender-turned Toronto Maple Leafs coach, is being published by Wiley Canada. An excerpt

IT HAS BEEN 23 seasons since the Canadiens were the best team in hockey. They won the Stanley Cup in 1986 and 1993, but that's not the same thing. They were underdogs both times, and both times they found victory with smart, opportunistic play, good defense, strong goaltending and that catch-all which everyone understands and no one can explain: the "Canadian mystique." In 1986, only Bob Gainey, Larry Robinson

Only Savelle and Lapierre have won non-playing Cups in Montreal. Lemieux and Tremblay had a chance, but in Montreal, becoming head coaches as they did with his experience, they had to be great before they had learned to be good. Gainey and Robinson had to leave the glory of Montreal to learn their trade, in Dallas and New Jersey. Scotty Bowman left Montreal to win again, too. He had gone to Buffalo as coach and general manager in 1979, underfired for the first time in his career, he was a disappointment. Without bloodbath to finger his failure, he was soon fired. He appeared to be at the end of the coaching line, and

system had been built during a sponsorship time when teams could sign up kids almost at birth, and when every Canadian kid would be to play for the Canadiens or Leafs. When sponsorship ended in 1969 and a universal draft of players forced kids to play with whomever team chose them, the Canadiens had enough players striding in their open minds to their surplus for future draft picks to become desperate to compete and survive.

But by 1979 all that was coming to an end. The next generation of great players was getting spread around. Darryl Ross, Brian Probert and Mike Bossy had all gone to the Islanders. Wayne Gretzky and Mark Messier went to the Oilers. The Canadiens had been reduced finally to equal ground, and while that, with proper care, might produce good teams, it won't generate dominance.

And the league is different now. Better organization of the NHL Players' Association, among other things, has resulted in huge payoffs by the players in the last 10 years. Some of those gains have come out of the owners' pockets. But must have come from money that hadn't been there previously. Now, teams spread their riches around and most fans attend games as a special occasion, like going to The Lone Ranger or The Phantom of the Opera, something they budget for, that they only do once or twice a year. Fans complain that higher costs mean they can't go anymore, let alone take their kids. With fewer kids at games, the mood is now less joyful and unconcerned.

The owners have met the test of higher salaries with higher ticket prices and with "up-selling." "You want a beer? Can I get you a hot dog and fries with that?" "You want a towel? Can I get you a private box, or a club seat, or a restaurant reservation as well?" Advertising signs are everywhere—in the air and on the boards. The owners also ex-

When he returned to work in hockey, Dryden (right) found a much changed NHL.

MONEY HAS AFFECTED who wins the Stanley Cup and who doesn't. And it has especially affected Canadian teams. In the 50 years from 1943 to 1993, Canadian teams won 35 times. In the last 10 years, they've not won once.



ton and Mario Tremblay sustained as players from dominant teams of the 1970s. By 1993, Serge Savard had become the team's general manager. Jacques Lemaire had been head coach for a year. Jacques Lapierre had been an assistant coach, as would Steve Watt, news that early made his (deceased) former coaches turn over in their graves and Scotty Bowman smile as he saw, "Hey, Sherry, you in charge of backsticking?"

Yet if five of the players on those 1970s teams remain in Montreal, their impact on the NHL has been profound. Gainey and Savelle have each won Stanley Cups as general managers; Lemieux and Robinson as head coaches; Lapierre, Robinson and Doug Jarvis as assistant coaches. And Doug Ridgeway, as general manager of the Wild, has coached in Minnesota a Montreal assistant, with Lemieux as head coach, Maroon as assistant coach and Guy Lapointe as a scout.

joined Pittsburgh as director of player development. But when Bob Johnson died of cancer, Bowman took over the team and led it to its second consecutive Stanley Cup in Detroit, things only got better for him.

Even his former players, who had never ever wanted to say anything nice about him, have been unable to resist. That may be the real measure of his achievement. He retired after the Red Wings' victory in 2002, at age 68, having won Stanley Cups over a span of four decades, through NHL expansion, the introduction of the European player, free agency, big money and all the rest. Scotty Bowman left the NHL as—undoubtedly, indisputably—the best coach of all time.

I KNEW the dominance of the Canadiens would diminish. Nobody could sustain the pace of 15 Stanley Cups in 23 years. Sam Pollock and Bowman were gone. The firm



pooled the league to \$40 teams, generating a windfall of more than \$500 million in expansion fees that they then put on players, setting new salary levels and creating an economic structure based on free-market expansion windfalls that couldn't continue.

Money has affected who wins the Stanley Cup and who doesn't. And it has especially affected the fortunes of Canadian teams. In the 50 years from 1943 to 1993, Canadian teams won 35 times. In the last 10 years, since money has become a competitive tool, they've not won once. Currency, market rise, TV ratings, sale of merchandise, and season-ticket-splurging to support higher ticket prices have come to matter more. The "Canadian advantage" of affluence and passion for the game has been neutralized. For Montreal, a team once so accustomed to any other to winning, it has made winning even harder to achieve.

I LEFT HOCKEY in 1979 because it felt like time to go. I didn't take any other job as hockey broke, so I told people that, I'd already had the best job—goalie for the Canadiens. Eighteen years later, I came back as president of the Toronto Maple Leafs.

The experience in hockey that I came back to was different, often dramatically. My time in the NHL in the 1970s, with its overexaggerated, red-whiskered-and-chase and fly-by-night violence, seemed a mine to commentators at the time. To today's adult, frustrated-by-ignorance and money, it seems wondrous. The 1972 Summit Series against the Soviets, its raucous and disapproving at the time, is now a glorious national memory. The league we don't play, it seems, the better we get.

Twenty-five seasons from now, who will this time in hockey feel like to today's 10-year-olds? How will they remember it? And what about today's players, 10 or 15 years after they have retired? How will they look back on their hockey life? When you ask these kind of questions, listen to their liquid voices as they answer, see the glimmering pride in their eyes, you will know. The NHL has changed, but the game has not.

A year ago, I was asked to give the TV commentary on a past Leafs-Canadians game from the 1978 Stanley Cup semifinals. We had won the Cup the previous two years and had dominated the 1977-78 regular season as well. The Leafs had their best team of the decade, with Bojan Stankovic,



POSTSCRIPT ON THE GAME

When I was done writing this chapter for the last time, I came across something I had written to myself a few months before, that I had left unfinished, and I finished it.

I am a player
I love to play
I want to win
It matters to me if I win or lose
It matters to me how I play the game
I want to win without injuries or bad luck or regret
I want to win every pleasure and disappointment

I want to get lost in play
I want time not to matter
I want to do something more important than me
I cannot win alone

I need my teammates and my opponents to make me better
I want, because I like to trust
I forgive, because I need to be forgiven
I play a game, not just a game
I try because that matters to me
I try because it's more fun that way
I don't quit because it doesn't feel good when I do

I play with others, but I play against me
I learn when I play
I play better I learn
I practice because I like to be good
I try what no one else tried before
I fail, to last longer
I want to be better than I was yesterday
I dream
I imagine
I feel hard and deep
I hope, because there's always a way

Ken Bryden, July 21, 2001

Darryl Stittler, Larry McDonald, Tiger Williams, Tim Marshall and Mike Milosavljevic. They had just upset the Islanders in seven agonizing games. This was the second game of that semifinal series, in Montreal, we had won the first game.

Before doing the commentary, I thought the game tapes home to watch. I had no memory of the game at all, and if I had realized what I had agreed to, I wouldn't have agreed to it. The game had been a long time ago and that time was over and done. The

results were on the scoreboard and couldn't be changed. All my feelings were in two: they had been rational, and they added up to something great. It had been a wonderful time. To be in Montreal in the 1970s, to live in Quebec, to play for the Montreal Canadiens at the Montreal Forum, to be surrounded by people who were the best, from the Malins and Smiths to Sam Pollock and Scotty Bowman, to win the Stanley Cup in eight years: what could be better?

And then's nothing I would want to do about this part of my life. But in going back with those tapes, I realized there's something that might be done to that period of my life. I might see things now that I don't want to see, that I didn't see then, that can make me feel different now, that can make me see something that has been clear.

When I turned on that tape machine, I realized that while I had seen highlight clips, I had never seen us play a full game before. And there we were. Roger Duncanson singing the anthem, the players without their helmets, that looked slightly blue. The voice of Danny Glickman, smart, clear, still able to tongue-tie you. Larry Robinson, crash taller than I remember, and such a good source. Jacques Lemaire, so smart, efficient, efficient, sleepwalking when he should be. And Bob Curry, his stride no longer or quicker than the players who were chasing him, surging past them with embarrassing ease.

But Kiprop, too. Mostly unremembered from those teams, he moved so well. After hockey left hockey the following year, I thought again to myself, he might have made "the Big Three" defencemen of Robinson, Lapointe and Savard "the Big Four." And Guy Lafleur, quick, decisive, confident, over-the-top, his jersey rippling, his hair streaming back the way no one else's hair did. Short, funny, even cut. I could have played the two goals differently, but I was OK.

We won ahead 2-0. The Leafs scored two quick goals in the second period and might have won a game they shouldn't have won. Instead, unbalanced, we scored late in the second period and shut the game down completely in the third.

The Leafs had some good players, but we were just better. It was there, perfectly clear, on that TV screen. When I had set down to watch, I wasn't sure what I would see. I was less sure how I would make it to that time. As I watched, I started to enjoy. We were good. We were really good.

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Obituary | BY JONATHAN DUBBIN



JOHNNY CASH remained an active recording artist into his last days—most recently earning six nominations at the 2003 MTV Music Video Awards for his version of Hurt, the Nine Inch Nails song Cash sang in his gritty quarter. Illness caused him to miss the awards show, but his presence was felt when Jason Timberlake, host of the elderly singer for the Best Male Video prize, he dedicated it to Cash. It was a fitting tribute—Cash had said “timberlake” was the quality he liked most in a man.

With the country music artist's death last week, at age 71, of complications from diabetes, a five decade career came to an end. One measure of the singer's prowess is that he earned a lot of respect from today's musicians, especially considering that he was coaxed with the birth of rock 'n' roll. When John R. Cashborn Feb. 26, 1932, in Kingsland, Ark., he taught himself to play guitar while

JOHNNY'S CACHET

The Man in Black's appeal never waned



in the U.S. Air Force during the Korean War. After signing with Sun Records in 1955, Cash penned some of the most famous material, including *Holmes Prison Blues* and *I Walk the Line*. He saw himself as a champion of the poor, writing hard-hack songs about working-class life. At the peak of his popularity in the late '50s and early '70s, he appeared in several films and hosted his own TV show.

Cash is survived by his children, daughter Rosanne, a noted country singer in her own right, and son John Carter, a music producer. June Carter, Cash's second wife and co-author of *Ring of Fire*, the woman to whom he proposed on stage in London, Oct. 28, 1968, died last May. Cash described her as the greatest love of his life. When he told *Playboy* in 1997 that “Beauty, inside and out” was the quality he most admired in a woman, she was returning to her. □

Cash, shown with his second wife, June, in 1975, and alone in 1977, had a hit video with Hurt and earned much respect from today's musicians.

PHOTOS: JEFFREY MAYER/RETNA; JEFFREY MAYER

ILLUSTRATION | SEPTEMBER 23, 2003 43



A STAR-SPANGLED DREAM

Toronto's festival midway was lit by famous faces and must-see films

IT WENT BY IN A BLUR, a Pollen seed of celluloid and celebrity. Now that the circus has left town, making sense of it is like trying to remember one of those dreams that felt so real at the time, but in the light of day is no more than a jingly heap of images.

Some surreal moments stood out. Feeling uncomfortable orange as Nicole Kidman studies love with Anthony Hopkins in *The Human Stain*. Watching Leo Corno rejectments and thinking who else but the French could make a movie about a girl who gets cancer, and stops chemotherapy, loses her hair and goods her boyfriend into a marriage. Or even with his mistress. Politely asking Meg Ryan about doing her first nude scene.

Film Festival (Sept. 4-13) often seemed like too much of a good thing—choked with must-see films and so many stars that the hotels were surrounded by crowds of fans. The variety fair drew such names as Nicolas Cage, Kate Winslet, Sir Anthony Hopkins, Daniel Craig, Benicio Del Toro, Kate Winslet, Laura Nerson, Isabelle Huppert, Tim Robbins, Sir Ian McKellen, Steve Campbell, Scottie Johnson, Ed Harris, Daryl Hannah, Mark Ruffalo, Chloë Sevigny, Jennifer Jason Leigh, Christian Bale, Alec Baldwin, Emma Stone, Robert Downey Jr., Woody Harrison and Oscar Stuel. So much celebrity can be distracting. A critic is always torn between another offer

I was dying for a cigarette, although I'd quit ages ago. Of course, cigarette smoke, writing into the light, is a beautiful thing. And then movies carry their own toxic kick. Some notes from an addict's diary.

PERVISELY, while Doreen Accardi's *The Barbarian Invasions* (which I'd seen) played to a rapturous audience on opening night, I went to see Neil Young concert, with a crowd that included festival director Peter Handberg. If he could play hockey, so could I. Seated in an upstairs rock opera called *Graveland*, the concert left a lot of fans asleep. The next night, dancing a drunken jig with a punky Pope, Young



Cameron Diaz and Ryan Murphy, Barbara Hershey and producer Denise Robert with Accardi, and Gail Thoreau were among the cascade of luminaries at the cinema fair.

for *In the Cut*, and her telling me with a shrug that she'd already unfurled movies — "apparently it was forgettable." Interviewing her director, Jane Campion, who suggests that, for a taste of what it's like, we take our clothes off in front of the Macdonald photo crew. Striking behind Robbie Robertson and watching him watch himself, bearded and 33 years younger, performs with *The Road* in Festival Express. Seeing punk icon Iggy Pop at a concert with a band of Teen Wives in *Coffin & Cigarettes*, Watching Neil Young, heretofore, come out of hiding to talk to a man called Elvis.

The 28th annual Toronto International

to talk to someone famous and a chance to check out the most undisciplined masterpiece. This year's festival program of 339 films from 55 countries was unusually rich. And so immense yourself in movies from morning to night is like taking a core sample of the Zeitgeist. Sleep-deprived, the brain seems with images and themes and you may find a strange, complex theme. Suddenly all the movies are about sex and grief. Then they're all about smoking—explicitly in the case of a jumpy Menace host film called *Nicotine* and Jan Jarmusch's *Love & Other Drugs*. *Coffin & Cigarettes* Maybe tobacco is the new yoga, I thought, as I con-

sidered the festival premiere of *Graveland*, the film, an experimental feature that he directed under the alias Bernard Shalvey. "It's a movie, sort of," he said. More like a home movie, a filmist's movie shot on blurry Super-8 stock that, woven up on a giant screen, looks like a cinematic answer to guitar distortion. The story concerns a small town family that includes a cow killer, a grumpy patriarch and a hippie grand daughter trying to save the planet.

More entertaining than either the concert or the movie was an onstage interview with Young by film critic Tina Mitchell of the New York Times. To everyone's surprise,



With one vintage role after another, from *Dogville* to *The Human Stain*, the unstoppable Kidman seems bent on becoming the most literary actress

rock's legendary misanthrope turned out to be shy, wise and full of wily self-deprecating charm. "I didn't know what I was doing," he told of his film. "It's not a perfect thing. If it landed on the lens, we were going to use it." In a one-on-one culture, you have to admire Young's obdurate stance to the artifice, a one-man Hermit Liberation Front who refuses to credit his hit and badly follow his instinct at the risk of making bad art. He said he likes films that look obviously fake. And with its stinky wit, *Graveland* bears an odd resemblance to the festival's other New Town comedy tale, Lars von Trier's *Dogville*, star-

ring Nicole Kidman—although *Graveland* is so *Dogville* as finger-pointing in a prison. While *Dogville* constructs a prison, Nicole acts it up. With three movie roles in fall—in *Dogville*, *The Human Stain* and *Gold*—Moore, the virtuoso actress seems bent on becoming the Meryl Streep of her generation. Cost as a lonely justice in *The Human Stain*, she's a damaged woman—her children dead and her ex (Ed Harris) gone psycho, she throws herself as a diagnosed professor (Anthony Hopkins). Set in the summer of the Clinton-Lewinsky scandal, the adaptation of the Philip Roth novel is a thinking man's fatal attraction. Kidman acts up in

norm, but I found her most credible as Virginia Woolf in *The Hours*.

This is the year of the dardet actress. I kept seeing one powerhouse female performance after another, often in movies about the dangerous combustion of grief and sex. In *My Life Without Me*, Sarah Polley plays a sexually ill mother who finds a sublime line of seduction with Mark Ruffalo. And in *Graveland*, like *The Human Stain*, is about a mother who sees sex to counter emotional wounds. Directed by Marco's Alejandro González Iñárritu (*Amores Perros*), it features Naomi Watts (*Heavenly Creatures*) as a woman who loses her husband



Tilly (bottom left), Downey Jr., Campbell with brother Christian—the city was choked with hot-ticket films and hordes of fans outside theatres

and two children in an accident—then is drawn into a torrid affair with a married man (Sean Penn). Driven by a scrumpled, remilitarized creative that swerves into terrifying focus, *21 Grams* suggests a new cinema of extremes. And Wince, baring body and soul, means acting in an extreme sport. But for those of us who, you have to hand it to Meg Ryan, who plays off her crown as the queen of romantic comedy to star in Campion's darkly erotic thriller, *The Invention of Solitude*, she takes a walk on the wild side, she dials down her blond hair, covers her blue eyes with brown contacts, and wears frumpy clothes, or none at all. *Ruffalo* (the festival's designated dreamboat) cuts a gruffish swath as her partner, a tough homicide detective who wanes disquiet on the art of the female orgasm, in the *Garage* like a top thriller named inside out. As Campion's fluid camera slides over dark surfaces, creating the sides of *Melancholia*, the whole movie glimmers with sex. In the end, no dream can come without.

In *the City*, *My Life Without Me*—and the wildly popular *Lost in Translation*—are all

smart, sensual movies directed by women. And they all make a virtue of dissonance. The oblique beauty of these films seems so removed from the predatory, plot-driven cinema of, say, *Scenes of a Marriage*. *Lost in Translation*, that is, the master's 32-year-old daughter, Sofia, has now cemented her own reputation with *Lost in Translation*. And for me, that movie was the festival's most madcap domestic pleasure.

Placed against the glass and neon of hyperurban Tokyo, it's a sublimely uneventful mood piece about a young woman (Scarlett Johansson) who's adrift in a hotel while her photographer husband (Giovanni Ribisi) is off working. In the hotel bar, she befriends an actor (Bill Murray) who's in Tokyo to star in a Scottish commercial. They're both married but at loose ends, two lost Americans in a hotel bubble. What evolves is a flimsy, not-buzzing friendship that hangs suspended in romantic serendipity, juxtaposing his epic personas of humour and melancholy. Murray is a treat, and Johansson is a quiet revelation. If *Ruffalo* was the festival's 1st, this young actress—who also made a deli-

cate impression as Vermeer's muse in *Girl With a Pearl Earring*—was the 11th Girl.

A TYPICAL SORPER on a roped-off patio (Iggy Pop, his rugged torso sheathed in a tailored blue shirt, talks like he dances, sugared and frenetic, talks till blood courses bubble at the base of Jim Jarmusch and Daryl Hannah, whose posty-toned and thoughtful angles say "star" before you can place her. Photographers wait for new arrivals to do their perp walk from limo to event scenario. The camera flash on our set as Jennifer Tilly was her entrance on the carpet, smooths down her tight black dress, and lifts her face to the shower of light.

Our obsession with celebrity was also evident onscreen. CineBlend's critics apply a resplendent edge to the Hollywood glam of *Vanessa Green*—the true story of a celebrated Irish crime reporter killed in the line of duty. But it's hard to figure out what drives Green in exile from her own town. And *Shattered Glass* tells the true story of a less illustrious journalist, Stephen Glass (Raydon Christie), who became famous

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Film | >

for fabricating stories in *The New Republic*. *Auf Wiedersehen* reporter Adam Rosenber (Steve Zahn) wants to expose Glass, the script deftly turns a story of media diagnosis into a heroic tale of investigative journalism.

What's remarkable is that two of the real-life subjects, Rosenberg and former *New Republic* editor Charles Lane, were on the festival to promote the movie. Enlisting a film's subjects in publicity was a trend, especially with documentaries. Woody from *Home* conducted a cross yoga session in aid of *It's a Wonderful Life* and *Go Forward*. You can't deny *Mad Men* from being on a roll: it's on hand to dust off *Imagined* as a rock 'n' roll *Zeitgeist* in *Mayor of the Sunset Strip*. And British mountaineers Joe Simpson and Simon Yates showed up to promote *Touching the Void*, an enthralling dramatization of their legendary climbing accident in the Andes, and the one movie that brought me to tears.

Festival has its highs and lows. I think I hit the wall when I stumbled into *Twenty-two Paces*, knocked someone's drink onto my seat, and then sat on a sticky puddle while watching two lovers humping in the desert like wild dogs (imagine *Salvador* meets *Deliverance*). One of the great highs was watching *The Band's* Robbie Robertson and Garth Hudson reel in the years in the premiere of *Festival Express*. The film was distilled from a 98-hour treasure trove of footage documenting a unique rock festival that toured Canada by train in 1970. It includes intimate performances by Jimi Jamis, captured just a month before her death, that are pure heaven. And there's a hilarious scene of Joplin, Jerry Garcia and The Band's Rick Danko—off now dead—playing a rowdy drunken jam to the bar car. Alas, *Deliverance* was jettisoned at the thought of Danko's demise. "It's more honest than I've ever seen him," he told me sadly. "It had such much fun—it was just pouring out of him."

Near midnight, I walked out onto Rialto Street, which was closed down for a raucous *Windy* party at Rialto Theatre. A legion of security guards surrounded the luxury store as it was hosting a *Cit* auction. Rich, guests walked and walked from through chaotic fences, perilously close to racks of designer fashions—a decent notion of living dangerously. Those guys in the bar, consumed by something stranger than their own celebrity, had a better idea. Now that was a festival. **B**



A TEEN MS. SCARLETT WHO'S WISE BEYOND HER YEARS

When you meet a plucky teen, it's a year-old actress who's chewing bubble gum that matches her pink lip gloss, and clutching a little Kelly pillow to her breast like a security blanket, the last thing you expect is that she'll sound mature and witty articulate than her director. Especially when the director is Sophia Coppola, cinema's new queen of cool, and daughter of the Godfather himself. But when Scarlett Johansson speaks, it's with a low, husky voice that makes her seem wise beyond her years. And in Coppola's exquisite *Lust for Life*, the actress, as a married woman with a Tokyo hotel who harbors a plucky movie star played by Billie Lush.

Her voice and mature move romance the years. "My character is very beautiful, and she is so mature, and that's rare in film today," says Johansson. "A lot of actors are very arrogant. There's this change marked line between teenagers. Most of all, it's about how she feels about her life." It's already a little more. Johansson is playing a girl from from a comic book (*Star Wars*) and was inspired by a Warner painting (*Girl with a Pearl Earring*). And she's worked with directors rang-

"My character's very observant," says Johansson, "a student of philosophy."

ing from Robert Redford (*The Horse Whisperer*) to Joel Coen (*The Man Who Wasn't There*), being directed by a woman, she says, makes no real difference. "It's like saying, 'Would you rather have a male or female doctor?' With a lot in *Translating*, Johansson seems to be playing a version of Coppola. "My character's very observant, a student of philosophy," she says. "And Sophia is very observant. There's something kind of literary about her."

When I meet Coppola, she does so in a hallway, lit in a soft light of yellow and over a square. Asked about the in-cord square of movies piling older men and younger women—American Beauty, The Human Stain and now her own—she says, "Everyone likes the topic. But a lot of those films are more about life. Mine is about friendship and respect." Then she adds that one of her favorite films is *Calla*. "And it's the first book that really got me into reading, when I was 15," says Johansson, now 32. "The topic was just so funny and relatable."

J.D.L.



Osteoarthritis Update

It's common and often controllable.
But can osteoarthritis be prevented?

If you live long enough you stand a good chance of developing osteoarthritis, a form of arthritis characterized by progressive erosion of joint cartilage. Accounting for about two thirds of all cases of arthritis, osteoarthritis (OA) typically strikes people in their middle years or beyond. Preventing OA would ease an enormous collective burden of pain and disability among older Canadians, and mean untold dollars in savings to our healthcare system.

But is it realistic to think in terms of prevention? That depends on the type of OA under consideration, says Dr. Carter Thorne, medical director of The Arthritis Program (TAP) at Southlake Regional Health Centre in Newmarket, Ont. If you're concerned about developing OA in your hands, for example, Dr. Thorne says preventive efforts may be of little use, because of the "strong genetic component in this form of OA." In a similar vein, subtle (and unchangeable) anatomic abnormalities may underlie OA of the hip. And "not much can be done to prevent OA of the neck or back, although postural or sleep adjustments can alleviate symptoms once you have it."

Where prevention comes to the fore, says Dr. Thorne, is in the realm of OA of the

knee. Accumulating evidence strongly suggests that weight loss, long known to relieve symptoms of knee OA, offers protection against the disease itself. According to Dr. Duane Mosher, an associate professor of medicine at Dalhousie University and a rheumatologist at the Queen Elizabeth II Health Sciences Centre in Halifax, "an 11-pound weight loss has been linked to a 53 per cent reduction in the risk of OA of the knee."

By the same token, regular exercise may prevent or delay knee OA by strengthening the muscles involved in weight-bearing activities, resulting in a lighter load on the joints. "Ideally the exercise should involve the quadriceps [large leg muscles]," notes Dr. Mosher, listing leg raises or knee extensions as possibilities. High-impact sports, on the other hand, may actually aggravate OA of the knee, she says. And a serious joint injury, especially one that "healed" on its own, may set the stage for OA years later. "That's why it's important to have doctors examine such injuries when they happen."

Many people turn to nutrition in an attempt to ward off disease, but Dr. Mosher points to a lack of evidence for specific foods that could prevent or delay OA. On the flip side, at least two studies

suggest that the nutritional supplement glucosamine sulfate reduces the damage to cartilage in OA of the knee. "That's assuming you already have the disease," says Dr. Mosher. "There is no evidence that glucosamine works as a preventive strategy."

Both a healthy weight and a regular exercise regimen continue to pay off once OA has set in. Mechanical aids (including canes, splints and assistive devices), analgesics and non-steroidal anti-inflammatory drugs (NSAIDs) round out the OA-management toolkit. "Regular-strength Tylenol may be sufficient to control pain in some patients," notes Dr. Mosher, while "topical NSAIDs may be useful if only one joint is involved."

For OA patients vulnerable to gastrointestinal bleeding or ulcers—and for all patients over 65—NSAIDs belonging to the COXIB class offer a significant advantage over traditional NSAIDs. In such patients, says Dr. Thorne, "even the intermittent use of NSAIDs may warrant selecting a COXIB." Finally, hip or knee replacement surgery may give severely affected patients a new lease on mobility and comfort. "It's one of the most successful surgical techniques of the 20th century," he says.

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CITY SLICKNESS

The last season with *Carrie et al.* is upon us, but they'll leave some unforgettable lessons

MANY WOMEN have downs—with friends, alone, even on the Internet. Sometimes in the past five years, single girls and married girls, living in NYC or P.E.I., have picked out which *Sex* and the City character they resemble most: Samantha (Kim Cattrall), the sexually confident, flagrantly libidinous public relations guru; Miranda (Cynthia Nixon), the cynical, no-nonsense lawyer and single mother; Charlotte (Kristin Davis), the somewhat prudish, upper-crust romantic; or Carrie (Sarah Jessica Parker), an outrageously fashionable, charming and successful sex columnist. According to the *Sex* and the City personality quiz on the Bravo! television Web site, I'm most like Carrie—“quirky and creative, with a keen eye for the finer details, and a flair for insight that often dazzles your friends.” They’re so kind. But my “distant friends” will agree I’m very Carrie in that we both need high heels to see over a counter-top, and we’re both uncontrollable, often embarrassing, flirters.

With *Sex* and the City wrapping up and its final season in Canada (starting Sept. 19 on Bravo!), fans of this raucous, gaudy show will soon lose four of their favorite girlfriends. But the wisdom they’ve imparted, sound and unsound, will stay with us forever.

1. NEVER FAIL TO AGGESSIZE. *Sex* and the City is a fashionista’s Utopia where shoes, bags and bubbles seem to drop from the sky, making every outfit complete. In the real world, where only a handful of closets are fully stocked with Manolo Blahnik heels, the dirtiest most women can get to Carrie style is a mannequin neckline, like the one our hero wears in the show’s second season. And even though this accessory became instantly passé when Carrie moved on to a handsome place, my friends and I still find occasion to pull out the personalized necklaces. One night, a senior we’ll call Woody chooses to massage. Late in the evening she found herself at the revolving end of a lap dance. Identified, she

read back every line the stripper just moved to saying, “You know you like it Patsy, you know you want it.” Heart racing, she started yelling, “How do you know my name?” She forgot it was written right there on her chest.

2. MEN IN MANHATTAN ARE UNATTRACTIVE. My apologies to anyone hurt for Mr. Big (Chris Noth) or Aidan (John Corbett). But generally speaking, the guys on *Sex* and the City have never been up to snuff. They’re either puffy (see above), or over-gelled like Charlotte’s ex-husband, Jeff (Dyle Med Lachlan), or sweetly bald (Charlotte’s latest love, Harry). Miranda can’t resist the sweet but usually Steve, and the hottest person Samantha ever dated was a woman. This season Carrie finally bags a cute Gothamite, Jack Berger, portrayed by the legitimately movie-star handsome Ron Livingston. But he becomes old news when, several episodes later, she hooks up with an international artist played by 55-year-old buffer legend Michael Baylis (John Cho), bar None, not.

3. LOVE IS A HOT POKER GAME. *Sex* and the City is a place where love is won, like a high-stakes game of Texas hold ‘em. The more hands you’ll get at the next girls’ lunch. So it goes for the *Sex* and the City chicks as they stalk the baby talker, the jazz musician who sleeps in public and the guy who leaves the bathroom floor open on the first date. Carrie et al. can be merciless only in the new season, Samantha pronounces, in her inimitable way: “You’re so badly done, blame on you. I’m—the badly done, blame on me.” It’s open season on dudes in any circle of friends. That’s why six years after the fact, I can’t live down my dates with “Taps off,” the guy who, just as things were getting interesting, put his chair back on, and bobbed from the house with not a word of explanation—and then, when graciously given a second chance, did it again. Another horror story-turned-remining joke involves a friend who picked up a guy at a party and went back to his place



It was a ruse, but she pushed forward. When she excused herself to go to the bathroom, he told her to wait a minute then spent several minutes reading around in the kitchen. When he came out he offered her something from a small plastic bag saying, “Here, see this.” She didn’t dare look at what he’d given her until she was safely in the bathroom. She discovered that there was no toilet paper, and that Mr. Ingenious had kindly provided her with a coffee filter.

4. WOMEN CAN HAVE SEX LIKE A MAN, but it’s not easy. With the character of Samantha,

Sex and the City mightfully debunks the myth that only men are interested in purely physical relationships. Every week, the forsythie-thing Samantha gets off for fun, not love—with the delivery guy, a sailor on leave, a fireman and, at the beginning of the new season, an actor/haw foods-restaurant owner. This is a bold, brash and refreshing portrayal, but at times Samantha seems audacious in her search for the ultimate lay as other women are for a husband. And, unthinkingly, she rarely gets turned down for casual sex. As any savvy woman who has offered no strings attached deal will tell you,

there aren’t many takers. Author Candice Bushnell summed it up in the best-selling book the show’s based on: “Men fall on both counts. They don’t want to have a relationship, but as soon as you only want them for sex, they don’t like it. They can’t just perform the way they’re supposed to.”

5. IT’S SORT OF OK TO BE SINGLE. This is the season’s most important lesson (and maybe not be forgotten, even if Carrie and her pals end up hitched next spring). In fact, most single women are more content with their lives than these Media mamas, who’ve been

tramping the city streets looking for love—or, at least, partners in lust—and getting caught in the land of bean-winding dreams found only on episode television. After all, each of the four under pressure to find The One before the season finale. And real life successful, smart, sexy, successful girls, on the other hand, don’t have such a strict deadline. So we’ll continue to drink, swear, stay out all night, use vibrators, have casual sex, buy expensive, unexpected shoes, blow off guys for our girlfriends—and, for one more season, blow off guys for a show about women who blow off guys for their girlfriends. ■



ALIVE AND KICKING

We can all be proud of the women's national soccer team. It's about time.

ON JULY 17, I walked into Molson Stadium in Montreal with 12,000 fans eager to watch the Canadian women's national soccer team. They were playing Brazil in a pre-tournament match for the 16-nation World Cup this fall in an effort across the U.S. Supper was doled out in red and white, waving the Maple Leaf. Mobs of girls and boys in local club jerseys chanted through books and algebraic Canadian, Wendwood-style chants featuring names like Kim Long and Christine Sinclair, who are now playing for the senior squad after starting on the team that won the silver medal at last year's Under-19 World Championship. They had played in front of 47,000 fans at Edmonton's Commonwealth Stadium, while another viewers lined up on Rogers SportsNet.

The July game—a women's soccer game—was a Canadian event. It felt like a hockey match. People cheered Canada's name. Perme, having played in and off for the national team between 1986 and '96, sitting in the stands also felt like going to an ex-lover's wedding. I wished I was out there too. It looked like a great game to play in, a semi-circle backside view was 21. It was the field after the final whistle.

These days, I divide my time between painting and coaching. But that game was what I had always dreamed of. I grew up believing it would be thrilling to play for my country and that we would get thousands of spectators at our games—whichever, would also be relevant nationally. People would know and cheer like they do Wayne Gretzky or Phil. I didn't understand why there wasn't a World Cup for women at the time (the first was in 1991), or why we weren't included in the Olympics (we have been since 1996), or why the Canadian Soccer Association's support for the women's program was so lackluster. By then, all we played were a few international games under an authoritarian coaching staff that demoralized our spirit. Many players, including myself, flunked out, feeling hopeless and invisible while other national teams,

especially the Americans, built championship programs.

I was both blessed—and cursed—to attend the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill on a full soccer scholarship from 1984 to 1988. The UNC program, led by former U.S. coach Anson Dorrance, has resulted in 17 national championships over 32 years (I was there for three of them) and has produced 42 American national team players, including breakout star Mia Hamm. It was paradise. Every practice was intense, fun, fiercely competitive and electric. We played dynamic attacking soccer—a dream for a forward like me. I knew I was a part of greatness.

But when I returned home to Canada for national duty, my intense game turned into a dreary “a job,” as then-coach Neil Turbill called it. Our days were regimented with strict rules, punishments and training sessions at which the coaching staff barked and berated commands. Our style of play was defensive and unsophisticated, based on a fear of losing by too much. Rather than developing an attacking game of possession and creativity, we focused on stopping the op-

position. As a result, we spent our days chasing other teams for the ball, and if we did win it, sending long parabolic passes forward, only to lose possession and start the whole cycle over again. It was as much to what Phil called “the beautiful game.”

The Women's World Cup in the U.S. in 1999 changed everything. When Brenda Chaudron scored the winning penalty kick for the Americans against China and then whipped off her shirt in front of 30,000 fans and millions of viewers, the excitement spilled over into Canada. For the first time, serious questions were raised: Why weren't we very good? Why had we bombed out of the World Cup? Why had we compiled a record of only 22 wins, 51 losses and eight ties over 33 years?

After Canada's final match in '99, I asked team veteran Charmaine Hooper—my former coach of a handful of years—what was wrong. Maybe it was a little messy, but I knew Charmaine well enough that I figured she would say publicly what we both knew to be true. She blamed the CSA for not providing the women's program with the necessary resources. She vehemently expressed her dislike for Turbill. We were so tired of never being heard, but this time her words ended up in print, across Canada.

Charmaine took the heat when she returned from the tournament, sparking debate and controversy. She refused to play again unless there was an overhaul of the program and a change in the coaching staff. Under great pressure, the CSA was forced to take action. It hired Marney's former world championship coach, Dick Pedwell, who has coached a positive, enthusiastic winning formula. There is now funding for training camps, development programs and travel to competition. As a result, we now have a world-class program and a transformed team that is leading top-line teams, inspiring media interest and gaining public exposure. Charmaine, a 35-year-old mother, is the captain.

An coach and a Canadian, we now have a moment for our soccer heroes, and I support them like our local stars. And my legs were 28 years, but I am thankful for the changes. Canada's girls play in its group against Germany on Sept. 28, followed by Argentina and Japan. Expect some good surprises.

Garrie Sewnetyk was the first woman inducted into the Canadian Soccer Hall of Fame. To comment, email gsew@postmedia.ca



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John Intini starts a sentence ... Candace Bushnell finishes it

Candace Bushnell never missed the morning tip. Famous for flitting her way through the New York social scene, the 40-year-old creator of the snazzy *Sex and the City* showed those in Gotham—and beyond—last year when she settled down and wed New York City *Realer* personality dancer *Charlie Ackerson*. (Interestingly, Carrie—Sarah Jessica Parker's character who is based on Bushnell—sports a relationship with guest star and real-life dancer *Nikolai Baryshnikov* this season.) One year growing *Trading Up*, her latest best-selling piece of “chick lit,” the self-proclaimed *Leo Tolstoy* fan finished *Marlowe's Researcher-Reporter John Intini's* sentence, while leaving “yet another tea from Starbucks.”

HEN IN TEATS ... and simply gorge on NEW YORK REIDS ... more Candace! I'm kidding. It doesn't need a thing. It's just the way it is.

CHILDREN ... are always a possibility. I guess people would be surprised to know that I OWN A ... 3002 PT Cruiser. I'm actually pas-

sioned I bought it. I guess it's the practical side of me.

MY FAVORITE COMMENT ... is Bart, spy editor at Indian restaurants.

TABLOIDS ... are a nuisance every week. A WOMAN WITHOUT A MAN IS LIKE ... well, a woman.

MORALITY ... is something that most people think is important but we often jockey back with when it comes to the endgame.

THE PERFECT COSMO ... has fresh lime juice.

LEO TOLSTOY HAD ... two rules: who went to parties and reported back on what everyone was wearing, what they were saying and what they were eating. It's how he got a lot of inspiration for writing.

IF I WASN'T A WRITER ... I would probably kill myself.

SEXINESS IS ... something you're born with.

IF I WAS LIVING IN OHIO ... the first thing I'd do would be to move to New York.

NEVER, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, SHOULD A MAN BUY A WOMAN ... a coffee maker

For more “Finish the sentence ...” visit www.macmillan.com/jointly

DVDs | The joy of extras

RENO IT LIKE BOHANNAM
(20th Century Fox, Sept. 30)



We not only know this movie is fabulous, however, as DVD, the extra features are as amusing as the film.

There's a bit of a twist with director *Quentin Tarantino* (who harbors a secret desire to host a cooking show preparing *abe grib*, an Indian curry dish, while her mother and aunt critique her shopping style) extended and extended cannot be its out scene of the main story lines. But the highlight is a hysterical outtake from a music video that reveals how heartbreak *David Beckham*, while looking on the football field, is here dead.

DOWN WITH LOVE
(20th Century Fox, Oct. 1)



Anything and everything to know about the making of this movie is included in the bonus features. There are mini-clips on the set design, the director's outfit campaign, and even a vignette

featuring the wife of director *Paul Haggis*. The best bits, however, are the gag reel and how often does David Hyde Pierce come on *Reelz 24-hour* bump her head?

A MIGHTY WIND
(Warner, Sept. 23)



As funny as *Christopher Guest's* other mockumentaries (*Waiting for Guffman*, *Best in Show*), *A Mighty Wind* follows three folk bands to a tribute concert. Guest and co-writer *Raymond Levy*

provide a deadpan commentary to the movie on the DVD. And in one of the deleted scenes, Levy's character riffs about *Civilian War*—it's wonderful to hear young folk rapping about jazz and and people's making your place."

Also available: The first season of *Ally*, the comically understated show about a decade ago. BY AMY CAMERON AND SHARDA DEZEL

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Film | Portrait of the actor as a young werewolf

Will somebody please give Scott Speedman something significant to do? After five years of getting tangled in Ken Russell's hair as Felicity, he's graduated from teen television—only to do run in nothing in two full movies. In *Dunderworld* (opening Sept. 19), the London-born, Toronto-raised, L.A.-based actor plays a troubled internet weirdo who spends most of the movie tied to a cable, watching the *Keanu Reeves* character to save him. And in *My Life With Mr. X*, a low-budget Canadian-Spanish co-production (opening Oct. 18), he's the sweet-nice guy husband who stays at home with the kids while his criminally

idiot wife (Sarah Polley) falls in love with another man (Mark Ruffalo).

In both films, Speedman delivers superb supporting performance. But they're still just supporting parts, man. When's the leading role—in, say, a horror movie or comedy—that we've come to expect from young TV actors breathing art? "I'd like to play flawed, simple man, who start at one place and go to another," says the 28-year-old. "That journey appeals to me. And right now, I don't get offered anything like that."

Speedman is a talented supporting man and former dreamboat from the TV series *Party*

He acknowledges the second-fiddle roles he plays don't usually call for that kind of act either. "You do get to get to use a lot of my character's journey [in *Dunderworld*], but that movie is what it is—a good action movie." It was Speedman's biggest budget risk to date and it took *Huntsman* (opening for a two-month shoot—the highlight of which was playing in a muddy basketball game that he hasn't yet earned his cent).

But all the hoopla led to a knee sprain and subsequent knee surgery. The injury kept him off the set. And now the actor, who's pretty about parts, doesn't have any work lined up. L.A.-like scenarios could really use that leading role right about now.

SHARDA OCELO

Books | VOICES CALLING FROM THE OTHER SIDE

In the aftermath of the terrorist attacks of Sept. 11, many women worldwide batted for their world to be heard and voices calling for further violence. *After Shock* (Doubleday) is a collection of e-mails, letters, speeches and articles circulated post-9/11 by women whose messages of desperation and hope rarely made it into the mainstream press. They include Muslim women condemning terrorism and fundamentalism, while pleading for a tolerant end to their oppression; Asian women linking the growing exploitation of women and children to poverty and war; and women's groups across the globe unveiling the consequences of Western foreign policy. Some of the contributors are prominent, including former Irish president Mary Robinson and Canadian anti-globalization activist Naomi Klein; others were of ground forces in New York or the Middle East. While their commentaries vary, the women are united in their goal of finding better solutions to a world often fraught with inequality and human-rights abuse.

BEST-SELLERS

Fiction

1. THE UNBORN DIARY, P.D. James (E) 2
2. THE CURIOUS INCIDENT OF THE DOG IN THE NIGHTTIME, Mark Haddon (E) 2
3. THE END OF MICHIGAN, Joe Meno (G) 2
4. MARY KARRAS, Elizabeth Strout (J) 4
5. NEW WARRIORS, Douglas Coupland (E) 4
6. SHARDY, Stephen King (E) 4
7. THE FIGHT OF THE YEAR, David Goodis (E) 4
8. THE END OF THE TIGER, Tom Clancy (E) 4
9. KILLER IN THE GARDEN, J.K. Rowling (E) 5
10. BOOK OF THE UNDISCOVERED, David Shields (E) 6

Non-fiction

1. BLOOD FETTER, John Hockeney (E) 5
2. RICHIE PRESTON, Margaret Miller (E) 5
3. DEPTO WHITE, Michael White (E) 4
4. AMERICA, Bruce Henderson (E) 3
5. EASY ANSWERS, A. Scott Day (E) 3
6. ELEGY, Bruce Springsteen (E) 3
7. LIVING ANIMALLY, Karyn Barker (E) 3
8. THE HOUSE OF WIFE AND THE THINGS, David Shields (E) 3
9. LANGUAGE, David Shields (E) 3
10. THE ANSWER, Michael White (E) 3

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THE EVES OF DISTRACTION

Ernie Eves attacks Dalton McGuinty big time. That may turn out to be a mistake.

HERE'S Dalton McGuinty running for premier of Ontario. Followed. Party. Candidates. Almost inspiring.

Yes, that Dalton McGuinty. The glibly-looking guy.

The venue for this particular surprise was a parking lot in the west end of Ottawa. The campaign for the Oct. 2 election had barely begun. It will certainly be the Liberal leader's last campaign if he does what he did in 1999, when every Liberal leader has done in every election since 1990: blown a huge lead, sunk out the joint, lost big.

So with everything on the line for McGuinty, why does he look so serene?

The way to win, he told a couple of hundred Liberals, is to be more confident than Ernie Eves and the governing Tories. "Let them see it in your eyes," he said.

"They're being cynical."

"They're using gimmicks."

"They're clinging to power." He was chiding what seemed to that eerily over-enthusiastic speaking voice of his. Irresistible talk almost exactly like Agent Smith, the evil computer program played by Hugo Weaving in the *Matrix* movies.

It wasn't until he met reporters later to learn that it became clear how completely he has transformed.

McGuinty was Ottawa machine pol whose reputation, before he vaulted into the leadership almost by accident in 1996, was far oppositionist, full, not bookish. In 1999, he converted his reputation as a doggo by delivering himself into the hands of behind-the-scenes men who milk him: the top two voices in every poll and focus group are health care and education. All you gotta do, Dalton, is say "health care and education." 100 times a day. Can't fail.

This sort of thinking takes voters for no-ones, which is why it's so popular among political strategists who think voters are morons. McGuinty got more in less than he deserved. Four years ago cooling his heels in opposition.

But something happened during that

time. McGuinty grew up a bit. He's diversified his portfolio of ideas. He hasn't blossomed into St. Augustine, but with elegant application and the help of a better class of helpers, he has prepared a fridren' clue.

So now, when he talks about, say, municipal affairs, he has something more interesting to say than health care and education. "Affordable housing," he said, and "crime"—he wants to put 1,000 more cops on Ontario's streets, an idea borrowed from that campaign's favored model, the Bill Clinton



of 1990—and "waste diversion."

He has a little plan for each of these matters. And if you push him, he pushes back. The guy from the Toronto Star said, "It sounds nice, giving municipalities two cents for every litre of gas tax to pay for infrastructure. But what's the incentive? It's like giving them a lot of money in a vacuum."

"Well, we're talking about \$320 million," McGuinty said. "That means we're doubling the investment the Tories have made."

Earlier, he'd hunkered his ass with and fast-lids in front of the crowd. "What's with the greenie family stuff?" "It's not every day

I come home," he shouted (he represents an Ottawa suburb). "I had there about 30 feet from me, so I brought 'em closer."

Please. "Proud of my family." Please. Smith. "Love me, love my family."

This vaguely subversive sense of humour, this vein of what-the-hell, seems designed to make nervous headlines more nervous. In 1999, I saw McGuinty reach for a young mother's baby on the second day of the campaign, in Kingston. "I'm gonna need your baby for about the next two weeks," he said cheerfully. A look of sheer terror crossed her face.

In politics, a sense of humour in a luxury you can afford only when you're feeling good about yourself and your prospects. McGuinty's staff spent the 1999 campaign trying to keep him on his toes. This time, they're more serene about letting Dalton be Dalton.

What's the first thing McGuinty would do as premier? "Cap class sizes at 28 for the early years," he said. "That's the way you compete with Mississippi on the basis of who has the lowest taxes. I want to compete with Massachusetts on the basis of who has the most stable."

Now here's the thing.

Ernie Eves and the Tories have gone through a rough couple of years, from a divisive leadership campaign to the botched prosecution of Ontario Hydro, to the expansion of Ontario's key economic prospects. During the August blackout, people grumbled that it was all Ernie Eves's fault, as if he were such a disastrous premier he could take out power lines from Ohio to fiction.

A working plurality of Ontarians would just as soon see this government gone. Greenish or red and their leader, the Tories are desperate to change the subject—to McGuinty. You think we're bad, they're saying, after? Take a look at this fresh.

It worked like a charm for them in '99, when their campaign slogan was "Dalton McGuinty Just Not Up to the Job." They liked it so much they're using it again. This year's ad read "Dalton McGuinty He's Still Not Up to the Job." Never let it be said Ernie Eves lives opposes reality.

But there is danger here for the Tories and hope for the Liberals while neither expected to find it. It just may be that when Ontario's divided another look at McGuinty, they'll like him.

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